

FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1918

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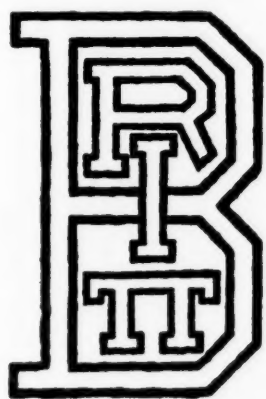


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WAR LETTERS by EDMOND GENET. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.00.

Genet was an American sailor of French extraction, descendant of "Citizen" Genet who enlisted in the foreign legion in France in 1914. Later he was a member of the famous Lafayette Escadrille and his letters are full of such names as Chapman, Prince and Lufbery. He fell in an air battle, the first American killed after our entry into the war. These letters are edited with an introduction by Grace Ellery Channing.

KEEPING UP WITH WILLIAM by Irving Bacheller. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co., \$1.

A humorous discussion of the various phases of the war. Illustrated.

SCHOOLGIRL ALIBIS by Rebecca Middleton Sampson. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., \$1.35.

Two Americans in a Belgian boarding school, whose schoolmates are members of prominent families of the allied countries, tell of their friendships, jealousies, pranks, etc., and incidentally of many other things. A vivacious story for young folks from fourteen up. Illustrated.

FARM VOICES by Don C. Seitz. New York: Harper & Bros., \$1.

Descriptive poems of the farm, including the hired hand, the schoolmarm, the hen-hawk and the hog. Illustrated by A. W. Frueh.

MIMI by J. U. Giesy. New York: Harper & Bros., 75c.

A story of the Latin quarter in wartime.

AMBULANCE 404 by Julien H. Bryan. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$1.50.

The diary of a seventeen-year-old Princeton freshman who drove an ambulance for three years in the Verdun and Champagne sectors. Illustrated from photographs. Introduction by Lyman Abbott.

FROM THE HEART OF A FOOL by Waverley Furness Cornhill. Boston: Cornhill Co., \$1.

Race songs by a negro poet. Introduction by James Holly Hanford.

THE FAIRY ISLANDS AND OTHER POEMS by Valley Flower. Boston: Cornhill Co., \$1.25.

Poems.

SONGS OF MANHATTAN by Morris Abel Beer. Boston: Cornhill Co., \$1.25.

Descriptive poems of New York.

WOMEN AND THE FRENCH TRADITION by Florence Leitch Ravitch. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$1.50.

Essays on George Sand, Mme. de Staël, on great women's daughters, the eternal feminine, etc., by a writer of broad literary appreciation and sympathies.

THE WORLD BEFORE AND AFTER by Carl H. Grabo. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.

Plans for a national and world-wide society which should use the idealism created in men by the war for constructive work looking to the welfare of all.

THE WHITE BOOK by J. B. Harris-Burland. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$1.35.

An exciting mystery story of East India by an English writer.

♦♦♦

"Pa, what's 'manipulation for a rise' mean?" "When I pull the bedclothes off you in the morning."—*Boston Transcript*.

♦♦♦

Editor—How's the new society reporter? I told him to condense as much as possible.

Assistant—He did. Here's his account of yesterday's afternoon tea: "Mrs. Lovely poured, Mrs. Jabber roared, Mrs. Duller bored, Mrs. Rasping gored, and Mrs. Embonpoint snored."—*Detroit Times*.

A Business Poet

A delicate and altogether charming publication is "Poems and Lyrics" by the late Albert Abernethy Cowles (James T. White Co.). These poems contain genuine poetic feeling. All are tinged with mingled wistfulness and beauty. They have a grace and a charm that should give their author high rank among the minor American poets. They are distinctively American in their direct appeal. Mr. Cowles had the poetic gift and the energy and forcefulness to work, but the third characteristic of genius, the "events to suit" as the Celts defined it, was in his case lacking. During his lifetime he rose from the position of entry clerk in the Ansonia Brass & Copper Co., to the position of president of the Ansonia Clock Co., which he had organized. His genius found vent in economic rather than in poetic activity, but fortunately he did not, or could not, abandon the arts. He contributed reviews and criticisms to the various musical journals, and, best of all, he found expression in writing these sonnets and lyrics. They were not written for publication. They are the more delightful by virtue of their effect as of being almost unintentionally overheard by the public. Mr. Cowles had often been urged to write for publication by his friends, among them Edmund Clarence Stedman, to whom the present book is dedicated. Here is a specimen poem:

Dark lies your scented garden
That blossoms red and white,
Faint with the breath of roses,
Wet with the dew of night.

No flower falls from your window,
For no light will shine;
The gods of life's undoing
Took care of yours and mine.
And only in your slumber,
Where we alone may meet,
Across the fields of Dreamland,
I come to you, my Sweet.

♦♦♦

"What are they moving the church for?" "Well, stranger, I'm mayor of these diggin's, an' I'm fer law enforcement. We've got an ordinance what says no saloon shall be nearer than 300 feet from a church. I give 'em three days to move the church."—*Grit*.

♦♦♦

Not So Mere

The small boy sometimes sees straight and sees far. He reads the signs of the times unabashed. John, at a co-education school in England, cut quite a good figure at the examinations, but failed to get the highest marks awarded in his mixed class. His father was astonished and incensed. John beaten by a girl! "John, I am surprised to find that you have allowed yourself to be defeated by a mere girl." "Yes, father," says John, unblushingly, "I have; but I can tell you something—girls are not so very mere after all."

♦♦♦

"So you own a good many suburban houses and small farms. Live on any of them?" "No." "Then you don't raise anything yourself?" "Oh, yes; every spring I raise rents."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

REEDY'S MIRROR

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

That Fourth o' July Feeling

THERE'S a great lightening of anti-German hearts just now. And it is not all due to the splendid achievement of the Italians in repulsing the Austrians on the Piave. That was a fine performance, but it is as yet more of a promise of better things to come. The Austrians are still on Italian soil but they cannot advance and indications are that their morale is broken and they must fall back. Soon there will be an American force in Italy and the mass of American troops in France grows steadily more formidable. The anti-German man power makes failure visible beforehand to those who confront it. The inspiring of the antagonists of Germany is all American. The United States is in the war with almost a million men. The promised help is at hand. This country concluded about six weeks ago that the time had come for us to show results. We began to grumble and roar and growl. Democracy's common sense knew that time enough had been taken to get results. And the men who were on the job just then began to deliver the goods. The transports began to sail. New ships began to take the water. The transportation system began to haul supplies to tide water. Factories making war material began to turn out finished products in vast volume. The British and French just about heart sick from hope deferred and engaged in the terrible third battle of the Aisne, saw the support in men and material coming in steady orderly but swift fashion. And as the men and materials came they were handled with system superb arranged long before. As our friends were heartened the enemy was distressed. The Germans tried to stop the stream of help with their submarines off our Atlantic coast. They failed to get anything but a few small ships, none of them bearing aid to the front. France and Great Britain and Italy saw the United States making good. It braced them up at once. There was a livelier spirit in the words from their capitals and an electrification of their weary armies. The United States has just discovered that it is doing well. What doubts it had of its ability to live up to the expectation of itself and its associates disappeared. The spirit of depression in this country vanished. We know that our part in the war is being done as a workmanlike job. We see now that we have done better than we thought we were doing. So a good old-fashioned Fourth of July feeling comes over us and we are astonished for doubting ourselves. That old Fourth of July feeling has got into our associates in the war too. They were a bit funky for a few weeks, but how they have picked up in the past fortnight! All because Uncle Sam comes up to the fighting line a thousand thousand strong, with as many more on the way and ships to carry stuff to feed the fighters all abundantly. This is what there is chiefly to note about the war this week—the psychological uplift, the spirit of exaltation that has succeeded the recent despondency and semi-desperation. The United States has just got going, just got limbered up in this war. The old eagle is just getting ready to scream after we thought him drooping with inefficiency pip. By the time the Fourth is here we shall know more of the big job we have done while we and our friends were afraid we might not do it. The Allies know all about it. They are rejoicing in it. Therefore I should say that we are to have

this year the kind of Fourth of July in this country that a lot of us didn't think we were going to have. We will celebrate the fact that we aren't, as the enemy and even some of ourselves thought, a lot of "four-flushers." We are keeping the word of promise to the world's eye and ear and hope. Here's hoping that the Russians observe what we have done and are doing and take courage therefrom as assurance that the United States will stand by them even as it will stand by France. The United States doesn't lay down. And we have ten million men, if necessary, to put on the fighting line and can put them there in spite of u-boats. And there are ninety millions of us ready to go a bit hungry and give up many creature comforts and cough up our last remainder coin to save the world from the Kaiser and *Kultur*. This is the spirit with which we come to this year's Fourth of July. It's a fine feeling and all the better for that it is shared by all the peoples who are fighting that democracy shall not perish from the earth. It's a feeling that will persist in the fighting and the working until the big job of cleaning up autocracy is done so thoroughly that it will never need doing again.

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TRULY this war is bringing about the most startling changes. David Franklin Houston made a twenty-minute speech at Dubuque the other day. Before the war a three-minute talk would have been garrulity for him.

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The War's No Picnic

A MOST needed exposure is that made by the ever delightful Irvin S. Cobb in his article, "Wanted, a Foolproof War," in the *Saturday Evening Post*. He shows how presumptuous, inept and fussy Americans, male and female, are getting in the way of the men who are fighting the war in France. There is a plague of impromptu commissions and a nuisance of folk who think they want to do work but in reality only want to gratify their curiosity. The officiousness of some of them exasperates the men on the real job. The folly of most of them mocks the tragedy into which they erupt. They are nothing but a clutterment to the people who are doing things, and most of all too many of them want to come back to this country and pose as heroes or break into social position or make money on the strength of their stultiferous disservice to the cause. Mr. Cobb's article is the more effective for that feature of it which describes the excellent work among the soldiers done by the Salvation Army contingent. Likewise he smashes the pharisaical snoopers who go abroad ostensibly to look after the morals of the troops. He says the troops are well-behaved, that there is very little drunkenness and very little sexual disease. Mr. Cobb's last word is a P. S.: "I hope they read this article in Washington." To which all sensible folk will say, "Amen." There should be an end to the issuing of passports to people who want to go to the war as to a picnic.

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Save Him From His Friends

COL. GEORGE HARVEY asks in his *War Weekly* whether President Wilson actually believes that General Leonard Wood is crazy. Thus does a professed friend of the distinguished officer bring to public attention a story that has to do with a certain reported operation in brain surgery performed at Baltimore some time before this country went to war. The story has been semi-secretly current for some time. Of course if it were true in the details as given in various versions, General Wood would be

undependable in any minor command. It is the most serious aspersion made upon his fitness and it is one that is more deadly than the mere insinuation that he is shelved or side-tracked because he talked too much. Justice demands that we be told the truth about the case of General Wood—justice to the country and to the General himself.



The Ford Candidacy

"POLITICS IS ADJOURNED"—but is it? Would it not seem to be fair to let the Republicans of the Republican state of Michigan send their own kind of a Republican to the United States senate? There's no earthly chance that they will send a disloyalist. But the President is said to have tried to force upon the Republicans the candidacy of Henry Ford, with a promise that the Democrats would not nominate anyone against him. Mr. Ford, automobilically may be, doubtless is, a great man. As a statesman he would, from all we have heard of him, be an ass. I don't believe that he is the liar and profiteer that George Harvey says he is, but his action with regard to the peace ship and those utterances that are not made for him by other people, show him to be innocent and ignorant of the deeper meaning of public affairs. It is a good thing indeed that some recent interviews with Mr. Ford have not been given publicity. They would show that some of his war views are still deliriously pacifistic. He is not the kind of man to put in the senate at this time, or any other time.



The Fight on Hearst

COL. ROOSEVELT wants the papers and periodicals of Mr. William Randolph Hearst suppressed. Mr. Hearst has about a dozen publications, all of large circulation. In different parts of the country authorities are banning their sale and popular organizations are boycotting dealers who try to sell them. I doubt if it would be wise to muzzle Mr. Hearst. The better policy is to let him alone. Mr. Hearst has no policy, no principle. He cares for nothing but sensationalism. His incoherences and inconsistencies have enabled the reading public to take his measure correctly. If he has any purpose that is not patriotic his methods defeat the purpose. Few people believe anything that his papers say, unless it be corroborated by the news in other papers. He had no part in the publications that have actually made trouble for the administration in the conduct of the war. Most of his criticism has been a kind of prankishness of personal malevolence against politicians in power. He has not put over one good, effective jab at the men who are directing the war. And now his alleged aspiration to the Democratic nomination for governor of New York clinches his absurdity. The people of this country are wise to Mr. William Randolph Hearst. If he is let alone they will be wiser. The war has got into the people's minds and hearts, and they will settle with the Hearst publications by refusing to read them. It has been proved that his papers fake news and when they don't fake it they steal it. His malicious motives in obstructive criticism are well understood. When he essays constructive criticism, as in Mexican affairs, it is well understood that he has a money motive because of large interests in that country. Mr. Hearst is destroying himself. He is a political paranoiac. He is touched with egomania. He has not the co-ordinated intelligence to be effective in affecting people or policies. His dozen publications are like a dozen decapitated chickens, flopping about in as many different dizzying directions. He claims that he elected Hyman mayor of New York. I don't think he did. That was done largely by the plutocratic high-brow support of his opponent, John Purroy Mitchel. Mr. Hearst has many papers, many millions of dollars, but he is the least influential of all the more noted editors and publishers. For all that, I don't believe either he or his wife is pro-German. He is simply a very rich *Peck's Bad Boy* trying to deflect attention from the war to himself. He is not one thousandth part as dangerous as George Harvey with his brilliant, systematic, persistent presentation of

his theory that the men who are chiefly carrying on the war in Washington are piffers, profiteers, novices, nincompoops, affable or icy or evangelistic imbeciles. As between Hearst and Harvey, the latter is the more deserving candidate for suppression, but suppression is bad policy. Let the Hearsts and the Harveys rage and rave. They have as much right to their say as has Col. Roosevelt, and there are people who want him suppressed, though the Colonel has done nothing but call for more war than we've been getting, as he sizes up the situation. A war without criticism, however foolish, however extreme, would be in great danger of being an unsuccessful war. Leave the critics to the people.



The Power of Taxation

THE whole country raises its voice in approval of the proposal to do away with child labor by taxing it. Everybody recognizes that the best way to discourage anything is to tax it. We apply the rule to get rid of dogs, fortune tellers, sign boards and other things. It is strange that everybody doesn't see that this same reasoning applies in other matters. Why tax business, or buildings, or machinery, or money in bank, or household furniture—except under desperate war necessity? All such taxes discourage and to an extent prohibit things we want to encourage. We want more business, more buildings, more machinery, better furnished houses, more savings. We want more workers employed. Business and personal taxes operate to the defeat of our desire. Why not abolish all taxes except those upon things we want to destroy? Why not impose taxes that will discourage and prevent the things that hamper industry? One tax will do it—a tax that will destroy speculation in land and open up to the use of the people the natural resources now controlled by the few. The way that is to be taken to get rid of the evil of child labor is a splendid argument for the single tax.



Reed in Opposition

SENATOR REED of Missouri is going to continue his opposition to the woman suffrage amendment to the constitution if he shall be the last man in congress to do so. Senator Reed is an able man but stubborn. Reed against the world. He is as honest as he is able. But in his opposition to woman suffrage he is a democrat limited. His position is that the matter of granting suffrage to the women is one belonging to the states. But the amendment doesn't take the power of bestowal of the ballot from the state. The states have to ratify it in given number before the amendment can be adopted. The suffrage amendment is approved by President Wilson, who once held the view now proclaimed by Senator Reed. The method of amendment is constitutional. There is no question about that. Mr. Reed's opposition to the method conceals opposition to the end sought to be attained. Opposition to woman suffrage at this day is hopelessly antiquated. Senator Reed is in danger of becoming a back number, lagging in progressiveness, even behind the statesmen of the St. Louis Democratic City Central Committee. But what's all this to Senator Reed? Where he is, there is the head of the procession, even though it be the tail. And all the other people of the country moving rhythmically in the march of progress are out of step with him, not he with them. Senator Reed would make a better dictator than a democratic leader.



The Senate and Treaty Making

"MAY I NOT BE PERMITTED TO SAY" that in the argument about the question of free and open discussion of treaties, Senator Borah seems to have had the better of President Wilson, though the latter got the verdict under the administration pressure? The President said last January that the "processes" of peace should be absolutely open. He said that "open covenants" of peace should be arrived at. Senator Borah proposed therefore that peace treaties should be discussed in open session unless four-fifths of the members should order an executive session. President Wilson opposed successfully the Borah reso-

lution. The President said he didn't mean that "there should be no private discussions of delicate matters, but that no secret agreements should be entered into, and that all international relations, when fixed, should be open, above board, and explicit." Here are reservations and qualifications of the January speech. Surely senate discussions of peace treaties are "processes" of peace-making. Peace is not fixed until the senate has ratified it. We can but take it that the President means only that the peace treaty shall be published after it is approved by the senate. There's nothing new in that. It is the rule now. It provides no protection against the possibility of a secretly negotiated peace being submitted to the senate or jammed through by administration coercion. Perhaps there is no more interest in the discussion than attaches to the fact that so clear a thinker and writer as President Wilson cannot always say exactly what he means. It is undoubtedly a practical question whether treaties openly discussed in the senate would ever get to ratification. There are undoubtedly delicate points of treaty negotiation that would be made more difficult by open discussion. And if four-fifths of the senators may decide that some treaty features should be secretly discussed, open diplomacy would disappear at exactly those points where it would probably be most necessary, if the public is to be enlightened at all. Senator Borah himself conceded a great deal to secret diplomacy in his recognition of any possible need for an executive session on the treaties. The President undoubtedly moved to new ground in defeating the Borah resolution, but on the other hand the resolution itself conceded the necessity which caused the presidential change of front. That the little difference of opinion may be called "academic" is undoubtedly true, for the senate is not debarred from discussing treaties, and the secrecy of executive sessions is an exploded myth. Any treaty laid before that body will be pretty thoroughly debated and ventilated. All treaties have to be negotiated in more or less privacy. When formulated the reasons for the conclusions or agreement must be presented to the senate. So that, after all, Senator Borah only succeeded in compelling our presidential master of English to a clarification and amplification of his parts of speech.



Let Sam Gompers Go Abroad

SUGGESTION is made that Mr. Samuel Gompers be sent to Europe to discuss the labor strategy of the war with the French and English labor leaders. The suggestion is a good one. It is not well that the wires should be crossed between our labor element and that of our associates in the war. Our American Federation of Labor will have nothing to do with German laborites. This is because it is afraid of mixing up with Socialism. Socialism is too German for the Americans. Likewise it is too sanguineous with imperialism and militarism. Karl Marx was a bit of a Kaiser himself. British labor politicians are more socialistic than ours. They are not afraid to meet German socialists. But labor in Great Britain is stronger, better organized than our labor. Our trades unionists have more carefully to consider the other people. They cannot with safety venture so far upon internationalist policies, lest they lose some of the advantages they are gaining at home. I see that some of the critics of Mr. Gompers are insinuating that the policy of the Federation of Labor is in obstruction to the Wilson peace policy. How can this be so, with Mr. Gompers working in such close relations to President Wilson? It seems to me that Mr. Gompers with regard to German socialism is as distrustful as President Wilson is of German autocracy. Moreover Mr. Gompers may well ask what the German socialists can deliver. The answer is, nothing. They have no power in their government. They can only talk of terms they cannot control. All this it would be good for Mr. Gompers to tell the British and French labor leaders. The only way to get a Wilsonian peace is to fight for it. No German socialists are for it or if they are they dare not say so, and can do nothing

to bring it about. In the American labor view German socialists meeting their work-brethren among the allies could only hold out bait in pursuit of which allied workers would be distracted from the purpose of winning the war for a proper peace. By all means let Mr. Gompers go abroad and "talk cold turkey" to British and French labor along these lines.



Von Kulemann to the Reichstag

THERE is nothing in von Kulemann's speech to the Reichstag on which to hang any hope of peace. Germany will enter upon no conventions as to Belgium. Free Belgium is the first *sine qua non* of peace, from the allies' point of view. Then von Kulemann talks a great deal of Russia. He revamps the old theory of the Russian menace to Germany. In effect he says that Germany must be master of the situation as to Russia. He intimates that Germany must organize the barrier states carved out of Russia under the Brest-Litovsk treaty. This means that those states must be under German domination and that they must be points of departure for German propaganda of further Russian disintegration. In short, says Kulemann indirectly, "we won't say anything about Belgium now, but we may consider letting her go if the allies will give us a free hand in the east." And his view goes beyond Russia down into Mesopotamia. Will the allies get out of the way of the *Drang nach Osten*? He says Germany must be supreme in her historical boundaries. No one ever wanted to interfere there. But von Kulemann is thinking evidently of Alsace-Lorraine, to which her title has never been validated by the consent of the governed. Germany must have colonies commensurate with her wealth, he says. There may be a chance for a dicker on that point, but not much of a chance, with the United States looming up on the western front and in Italy. Germany through von Kulemann offers nothing more than the old proposal of peace according to the present map. That proposal has long since been rejected and the United States has said it will stand by Russia even as it stood by France. There can be no trading of Russia for Belgium. Von Kulemann says Germany must have freedom of the seas. She had it until, by starting this war, she lost it. And the first thing she did in the war was to deny freedom of the seas to all neutrals. Now von Kulemann says Germany is not so full of hate for England or France as for Russia, because Russia forced the war upon the world. That will not deceive Great Britain or France into abandoning Russia to Germany. For a Germanized Russia would mean the end of France and the British Empire. Germany wants a German peace, a German world. She shall not have it.



British Labor's Stand

MIGHTY is Labor in British politics. It declares for an ending of the truce between parties. Labor says in effect that it will no longer play second or third fiddle in a coalition government. It feels strong enough to attempt to enforce upon the country its own views as to the carrying on of the war, as well as concerning reconstruction after the war. The Labor party was probably led to this decision by the fact of the attempt to conscribe the Irish and by the bad news of the last two or three weeks from the front. It may be that the abandonment of Irish conscription and the effect of the news of the Austrian defeat in Italy will modify the laborite determination. That is to say, if there's a prospect of allied military success and none whatever of peace by negotiation, the labor men will not be so insistent that they should be in control. They are, finally, more concerned with the terms of peace than with anything else. With the Americans getting into the war with celerity and crescent power, peace by negotiation is more remote. Labor can wait until later to impress its views of the peace upon the government. But British Labor undoubtedly has the whip hand in British politics, a stronger hand than ever when we consider that they may be joined by the Irish mem-

bers of parliament in an opposition to both Conservatives and Liberals, for the Irish members are coming back and in no very friendly mood to either of the greater old parties. Because of this situation we may assume the matter of Irish conscription has been dropped. To force it would mean a general election this year. To hold it back and throw out feelers for a federalization of the empire, with Ireland participating like Canada and Australia, may postpone the election until next year, when the war may be over. Government is stronger than it was when the big drive was more menacing and when the British did not know how fast and forcefully the United States was getting on the fighting line. Now it is more difficult to consolidate political elements against the government. British Labor holds the balance of power in British politics but it does not want to interfere with a war to victory. What it wants is a people's peace, and it wants to be ready to see that there is such a peace, once peace is on the carpet. Its threat to break the party truce is a means of keeping the government reminded of the only peace that Labor is willing to fight for—a Wilsonian peace.



Mr. Wilfley Won't Do

I HAVE little or no sympathy with the current fashion of calling everybody who isn't a whirling dervish about our part in the war, a pro-German or a slacker or something of that kind. A man can be a patriot without going into hysterics about it. So, too, I don't favor proscribing every man who wasn't for our getting into the war from the day Belgium was invaded. Most of us were of that mind then, and very many excellent people did not believe even that the sinking of the *Lusitania* called us to battle. The majority of us moved about as fast as President Wilson in the direction of war. Even after we had broken off relations with Germany many perfectly good Americans thought we should go no further than that. It was not sure that President Wilson would. Therefore I am not prepared to join in any denunciation of Governor Gardner's appointee to the United States senate, Mr. Xenophon P. Wilfley, as un-American, because he signed a telegram to the President asking that war be not declared against Germany, after we had broken off relations with that country. That the telegrams were prepared and signatures solicited to them, and that they were paid for by pronounced pro-Germans Mr. Wilfley may not have known. But a man who couldn't see any difference between England's detaining our ships and stopping our mails and Germany's murdering our citizens going about their business on the high seas, and conspiring to induce our neighbor Mexico to attack us, is not fit for the position of senator of the United States. Mr. Wilfley signed the protest and appeal against war with Germany when the proof of German violation of our rights and of our hospitality as a neutral was overwhelming. Mr. Wilfley says that he signed the telegram without reading it carefully. He was an officer of the state of Missouri at the time. It was his duty as an official, in such a case, to know what he was signing. It would have taken but a brief glance to determine from the text of the telegram that it was framed in a German rather than an American spirit. The protest was not a thing for a "100 per cent American" to sign just after the President had asked congress for authority to arm American ships, when Germany had practically blockaded our ports and told us we could only send out a few ships in specified time and they must be piebaldly decorated to insure their safety from German submarines. The President had said before Mr. Wilfley signed the telegram that the action of "a little group of willful men" in defeating the armed shipping bill had "rendered the great government of the United States helpless and contemptible." The President said this on March 5, 1917. Mr. Wilfley, of the St. Louis Board of Election Commissioners, three days later signed a telegram protesting against war with Germany because "the aggressions of Germany and England on the law of nations differ only in method." Mr. Wilfley said

this after Germany had broken her pledges to us to stop sinking American ships, after the President had said he would no longer negotiate with the Kaiser, after the Zimmerman plot to embroil this friendly nation with Mexico and Japan had been exposed. In all but technical declaration thereof a state of war with Germany existed at that time. The situation had developed to a stage at which no "100 per cent American" could do anything other than support the President. Mr. Wilfley says he "followed the President." This is not strictly true. He was not following the President but advising him against the course upon which he had already entered. He was not strengthening the President but confusing counsel, trying to convince him that the people of the country were not with him. Mr. Wilfley was working for Germany. He may not have known it, but it was his duty to have known it. A man who couldn't sense that fact is not the man fitted to deal with large and ramifyingly intricate matters of national policy as a United States senator. If a few little *Deutschers* got him so easily for their purposes then, what might not another Bernstorff, Dernburg or mayhap another "Wolf of Wall Street" get him to do, in all unsophisticated innocence, in the United States senate, if elected? A man with no more "100 per cent American" gumption than Mr. Wilfley displayed in this matter of the telegram is not the kind of man whose support of the war and of the men who are fighting it can be depended upon as either unswerving or sagacious. I don't suppose Mr. Wilfley looks upon himself as unpatriotic or disloyal. I don't doubt his Americanism. But I do doubt his judgment and so will most people who carefully consider his conduct. This is no time to send to the senate a man who doesn't look before he leaps, who goes off at half-cock, who commits himself rashly to policies the consequences of which he doesn't take the trouble to calculate. A senator who might act with regard to matters of national policy with the chicken-headedness which characterized Mr. Wilfley's hideously untimely advice to the President in March, 1917, might easily be a disaster to the nation. If he thinks that in signing the pro-German telegram he was helping the President he has a most deficient intellectual equipment. He was trying to influence the President to back down before German insolence, trying to convince the President that the people of this country should submit without resentment to the order of the Kaiser to our ships and citizens to keep off the sea or be assassinated by submarines. And this is what Governor Gardner called "100 per cent Americanism" when he called Mr. Wilfley to the senatorship to succeed William Joel Stone. Wilfley was just then in full sympathy with the "little group of willful men." One might say they were a little group of Wilfley men, judging him by the telegram. Clearly Mr. Wilfley did not grasp the situation. A man who couldn't grasp that situation couldn't grasp anything of importance coming up before him as senator. Mr. Wilfley, honest enough and I doubt not patriotic enough in purpose, simply doesn't measure up to the job into which he has been thrust and in which he wants to continue. Governor Gardner should call him off. He's Governor Gardner's candidate, nobody else's—not even apparently his own. He's not the kind of man Missouri wants in the senate, considering all that the state has had to suffer by reason of its senatorial representation since the war began. Mr. Wilfley may do for Governor Gardner; he won't do for Missouri. This state wants a senator who can't be "gold bricked" as Wilfley was by the German circulators of the plea to let Germans murder our citizens because England looked over our mail bags.



Come to Our Pageant

THERE won't be any Fourth of July celebration anywhere this year that will equal in spirit or in aesthetic value the pageant "Fighting for Freedom" to be communally presented in the municipal theater in our Forest Park. It will tell the story of the fight for liberty down through history—tell it in

magnificent living pictures and in the speech of passion and of beauty. It will bring the story up to date and beyond to the end of every free people's desire. It will be a four day folk festival with such mimetic stars as Robert Edeson, Henrietta Crossman and Helen Ware in the more outstanding roles of the epical episodes. This, the most significant of the popular celebrations of the American idea, will take place, be it remembered, in the city whose Americanism has been questioned by those who do not know. From us on the 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th of next month this country can and will learn something of our kind of Americanism and of the fine and high art of popular pageantry.

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Prohibition and the War

PROHIBITION is always popping up to interfere with more important things. Its always a red herring drawn across the trail to queer the scent of those who ensue some worthy immediate object. Just now it is sprung to interfere with the prosecution of the war, to distract attention, to divide the community when what is most needed is unification of purpose. Workers in the mines and mills and shipyards are threatened with stoppage of their drinks when they most need them. Prohibitionists say the workers are mistaken; they don't need the drinks. But the workers are convinced they do need them, that the drinks refresh and strengthen them. The workers know better than the Prohibitionists. They know that they need relaxation and invigoration for their especially heavy war tasks. Granted that they are wrong in thinking thus, still with the drinks taken away what is given them in return? Mr. Hurley and Mr. Colby of the Shipping Board say that it would be unwise to enforce prohibition on the war workers. It would lessen their steam, diminish their output. It would make them discontented and lassitudinous and surly. They are used to their drinks. It is disturbing and socially dislocating to ask them to change their habits all at once. Messrs. Hurley and Colby are not interested in breweries or distilleries. They are interested in turning out ships and more ships. The moral duty of defeating Germany is greater than any moral duty of enforced total abstinence. To the testimony of Messrs. Hurley and Colby as to the inadvisability of prohibition as an interference with our industrial "carrying on" we would add that of Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor. Gompers says no to prohibition. It is absurd to say that Gompers wants to destroy American labor physically and morally. He has devoted his life to bettering the condition of labor and he says that prohibition will not only not do that but will have the wholly opposite effect. I think Gompers and Hurley and Colby know more about what is needed to get the best results from labor right now than any of the theocratic fanatics who want the worker to go dry. If we are to have prohibition, it must be postponed until after the war.

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How to Stop Child Labor

By W. M. R.

OF the ruling of the United States supreme court on the child labor law it may well be said that the minority opinion is the better law. Justice Holmes riddles the reasoning of the majority—of one. He shows that the act did not meddle with anything belonging to the states. They have no right to force their goods upon their neighbors. But for the constitution the rights of states to ship goods to their neighbors would depend upon the will of those neighbors. The constitution therefore regulates such commerce. Congress has the right to regulate it. The answer that in this case the regulation applies indirectly to manufacture is much like a quibble. It is made absurd by the fact that all regulation of interstate commerce is indirectly a regulation of manufacture. Prohibition

of liquor shipments cuts down the manufacture of liquor. Pure food laws cut down the manufacture of some kinds of food. If such laws are construed as being for the protection of consumers, why not the child labor laws? They are for the protection of the children of the country. And if congress cannot pass a valid law that is a menace to producers it would seem to follow that it cannot pass a law to prevent a menace to consumers. But the child labor law was designed, among other things, to prevent injury to consumers from goods made in unhealthy factories. That the law invaded state's rights is a fine-drawn and far-fetched argument. The state never had a right to prescribe what shall be carried beyond its dominions. The law did not touch local authority but dealt with interstate transportation exclusively. These considerations are lucidly and temperately set forth in an article on the decision by Mr. Thomas Reed Powell in the *New York Nation*. One cannot but feel that the minority opinion in this case must finally become the law. The vote of one justice overturns a law passed by the representatives of all the people. Similar five to four decisions have been reversed.

There is no question that public opinion favors the principle embodied in the child labor law. How shall that principle be given effect constitutionally in an act of congress? Mr. Powell says in the *Nation*: "The suggestion has been made that congress should close the channels of interstate commerce to the products of child labor as the Webb-Kenyon law closed them to intoxicants, making the prohibition dependent upon the concurring action of the state of destination. But with such a statute before them, the present majority of the supreme court may easily persist in their distinction that prohibition of transportation is not an exercise of commerce power unless the transportation can be an instrument of danger at the end of the journey."

Congress is not impotent to deal with the question of child labor. The supreme court does not say that, but only that the congress has gone the wrong way in legislating on the subject. The answer to the supreme court's decision is not to agitate for the abolition of the court's authority to construe acts of congress, even though there be something almost farcical, when not tragic, in such a situation as is presented in the reversing of the judgment of the elected representatives and the Chief Executive by the casting vote of a single judge. "Often the court tells us," says Mr. Powell, "that it must uphold a statute unless its unconstitutionality is free from doubt. These professions would have gained in dignity if the certitude of four of the judges that the child labor law is constitutional had been allowed to suggest to their five colleagues that its unconstitutionality is not free from doubt." The defect of all the five-to-four decisions by the court was never more neatly expressed. But the decision stands as against popular conviction on the subject of child labor. The question is how shall that popular conviction be given effect in a law that the supreme court will not invalidate? Mr. Powell supplies the answer briefly thus: "If congress should impose a special excise on making goods with the labor of children, the supreme court could not defeat its purpose without directly abandoning the case which sustained the excise on oleomargarine. In that case the present Chief Justice declared that the motives or purposes of congress were not open to judicial inquiry, and that the law was not invalid because its effect might be to suppress manufacture."

This suggestion is so important that it is worth elaborating upon and such elaboration I find in an interview given to the *New York Times* by Mr. George W. Alger, one of the founders of the New York Child Labor Committee, who has studied the subject for fifteen years. As the expression of Mr. Alger's opinion covers the matter in all its aspects it may well be reproduced here in full:

"The best way to attack child labor," Mr. Alger said, "is to attack directly the motive for employing little children. If you tax the privilege of employing

children to the point where it becomes unprofitable you send the children back to school, where they belong, and you equalize the conditions of competition between the employers of adults and the exploiters of children.

"Sentimentalists may argue that such a bill would legalize child labor. I do not see any reason for considering sentiment. I am willing to offend the sentimentalists if I can help the children.

"The proposal is not a new one. Long ago we taxed note issues by state banks out of existence, so that none but national banks found it profitable to issue currency. In New York we got rid of adulterated butter by charging \$600 for a license and imposing a tax of 10 cents a pound. Theoretically, we legalized the manufacture of adulterated butter; actually, we stopped it. It was proposed recently at Washington that the chauffeur be taxed out of his box, on the ground that the man who must have a servant to drive his car ought to pay a stiff price. I believe in that kind of legislation. If a man wants a tall butler, let him pay for him, say, so much an inch. In that way you would release a lot of stalwart flunkies for productive service.

"A tax on child labor would be a valid internal revenue law. For a short time it would produce revenue from a section of the country which produces very little now, but the revenue would be of brief duration. Child labor would cease because it had become unprofitable.

"What I propose is an excise tax, and no constitutional objection can be offered to it. Congress can put a stop to the employment of child labor by this method whenever it sees fit. There is no limit to the power of the federal government to lay an excise tax, provided it is laid uniformly throughout the United States. It may be argued that we must tax things, not business. On the contrary, we now pay a federal tax at theatres. There used to be a federal tax on the business of selling tobacco at retail—not on the tobacco, but on the business. The government taxes the saloonkeeper.

"By such a tax society may either express its disapproval of a business because it is harmful to society and make men pay for the privilege of engaging in it; or society may blot out the business altogether. I would not have congress inquire painstakingly into the profits of child labor, and then assess a tax to offset that profit, but I would have congress obliterate it.

"We have employed three methods in applying national legislation to the states. We have used the police power, the interstate commerce clause, and internal revenue. I was much opposed to attempting this legislation through the interstate commerce clause, and submitted a brief to show the constitutional objections to such an effort, and to show that, if sustained, the law as drawn could not be enforced. The decision, therefore, brought a kind of melancholy satisfaction.

"The child labor law passed by congress penalized the goods, penalized the place of manufacture, but did not penalize child labor except by indirection. It provided that goods must not enter interstate commerce if children had been employed within thirty days in the factory or mine where they originated. It was, I think, an absurd law. But that need cause no despair. I believe the power inherent in taxation is the remedy in this case, and will come to be more and more used for the accomplishment of social betterment.

"Objection has been made that this is 'covert' legislation; that is to say, it is legislation meant to accomplish something other than its obvious import. If you impose a prohibitive tax on child labor, the intention is to stop the employment of children, not to derive a tax. I present that objection merely as one which has been offered, not as one with which I have any sympathy. There is ready at hand a powerful instrument for the correction and improvement of the conditions under which we live, and I am confident that we will use it with increasing benefit."

Home Again

THE man came back. When he reached his home his wife said: "You seem to be very low, Arthur." She called him Arthur; his pals called him Joe.

"Yes."

"You were ever so jolly on your last leave."

"Was I?"

"They will be disappointed."

"Who will?"

"The children, of course. I told Bessie you would be home before school was out. Tommy didn't come back to his dinner, so I couldn't tell him."

"I don't think—"

"Well?"

"Oh, shut up, Ann! If you say anything more—"

She was silent. He sat watching her driving the iron methodically over his old handkerchiefs. She did not look round. When she went to place the iron on the hob she did it carefully without making any startling noise. He noticed that.

Presently he got up. "I'm going for a stroll." She made no answer.

He went along the village street. A neighbor at the shop said: "So you've come back, Joe."

"Yes," he said. "I've come back."

"You must be glad to be back."

"Oh, I don't know!"

The neighbor was surprised. "Your missus 'ud be pleased to see you."

"I don't know, I tell you."

The neighbor conjectured shell-shock. "What you want, Joe, is a bit of rest. I've heard as that old Kayser—"

"Oh, damn the old Kayser."

He walked away at a rapid pace. As he turned the corner he came upon a crowd of children. Among them was Bessie. She ran to him and then turned shy. He tried to smile. "Well, Bessie," he said, "I've come back!"

She did not speak. The others were standing by. "Aren't you going to say how d'ye do to your dad?" he managed to say.

"You aren't my daddy, are you?"

"Of course I'm your daddy."

"Take me up, then."

He stooped down and lifted her little warm body and held it close to him. "Yes," she said, gravely, "you're my daddy."

When he reached home Tom had come in. He said he had heard from one of the farmhands that his father was getting leave. He explained that Bessie had told this man's little girl and that this man's little girl had said as it was all nonsense, there wasn't no leave goin', but that on this information he (Tom) had applied to the master, and that the master had told him to cut along and see, and if it was so he needn't come back.

Joe listened to this explanation with something like chagrin. He knew that Tom was trying to cover up his shyness.

Ann said: "You'd better change yer boots."

In the evening Bessie sat down to do some sewing and Tom got a book. Ann was busy in the back-kitchen. Joe suddenly found his tongue. "Look here," he said, "if I was you I'd offer a bit better welcome to one of the Contemptibles."

"What, father?" said Tom.

But Bessie had heard. She put down her sewing and went into the scullery. "Mother, come an' talk to daddy."

Ann bustled about and came in wiping her hands. "Well, what is it, Arthur?"

"Well," he said, "I felt lonely enough out at the Front."

"You don't feel lonely now?"

"I should feel lonely."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, you'd have gone on there till it was time for bed, and Tom's so taken up with his book that he can't hear what I say."

"What, father?"

Tom's mild face peered up inquiringly. Joe laughed. "That's all you can say, my boy."

"You haven't heard that for many a day," said Ann.

Joe's face worked painfully. He drew Bessie towards him and pressed her hard. She did not resist. In a moment or two they heard the sound of a man's weeping.

From The London Nation.

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Poets and Poets

By Orrick Johns

I.

THE extraordinary achievement of American poetry is its diversity of styles. Every name on the shelf suggests something as definitely different as the name of a thing in a kitchen. This is stimulating, though not to the followers of the exclusive theory of art; but these latter only hold to their ghostly sanctities as a working principle, a necessary armor in carrying out their aims. The shortest answer to their position is to bid them to look upon the innumerable beautiful things in the world, and observe the innumerable ways in which the created form has appealed to man. America includes every climate and every race. It even contains the ruins of civilization older than those of Europe. It may fittingly father an unlimited category of poetical schools.

And it does. But the noteworthy point is that the schools do not hold together at all. It is the individuals within them who differ enormously. This is a hard state of affairs for criticism. Such criticism as the French have, which loves to trace artistic genealogies and sympathies and influences, which has made every modern French poet stem from Verlaine, or Mallarmé, or Hugo, or de Heredia, would be out of the question in American poetry. One can only do as Thompson says of Shelley, "tumble gold-dust among the stars" and then try to estimate the gold one has gathered. A few critics like Miss Lowell and Conrad Aiken have sought to invent some arrangement of the chaos; and succeeded in posing certain interesting critical distinctions, but any sort of precision fails somehow to cover the ground. There must be crowding out. How many, for instance, would agree absolutely with Miss Lowell's choice of the choicest in her "Six American Poets?" Yet that is a most interesting, and also a significant book, because it makes one rub his eyes and awaken to the fact that there is actually an American poetry. Criticism, indeed, is still too overwhelmed in the astonishment of this discovery, to quite undertake tasks of cool judgment. It is astonishing, this full-grown art.

It is better fun not to have any fixed standards for American poetry. Like Gautier—or was it Baudelaire?—to handle the big bronze gods and the little jade gods with equal reverence, or tenderness, as the case may be. "Who knows but this one is the true God?" There is an infinite amount of enjoyment in them. All kinds may be good; much of all kinds is good. American poetry has not become a respectable entity merely through a fad. It has carved the place, and taking the whole choir together, the fine thing is, the poets have begun to represent life truly. It has required a deal of revolting and some shocking of the "bourgeois," which may be but an index of the depths of our placid ignorance and prudery in the years that preceded the deluge. But the multiplex fascination of American life, its shadows and its lights, its sins and its heroisms too, is becoming more familiar and consequently less perilous and horrific. The curious thing is, that the poets and not the novelists have been the more fearless in revealing us. Poetry needed to expand, if it was to take out of the hands of the less courageous novelists the weapon of social exposure. The result has been a vindication of unfettered writing; poetry, of late years, has made memorable inroads upon the popularity of the novel.

It is destined to go farther; but whether it go farther or not and whether there are to be still better poets in the period to come than those we have now, the period has been amply important, more so than we may realize.

Just now the war has stopped the rising tide of strictly poetical production. War, is after all, only one of the thousand topics of poetry; and poetry is not only older than autocracies, but as old as the hills. It has its greater victories in peace, and the victory we have just celebrated was peculiarly one of peace times, of American peace times. The long stretch of somewhat ignominious "little commercialism," in Spoon River, following the civil war was the fertile ground for the plowings of Edgar Lee Masters' literary steam shovel. Other poets by sheer force of desire were beginning to find veins of creative stuff in the stillness of New England countryside and the thundering complexity of the big towns. Peace has her colorists, her ironic observers, her humorous interpreters, her dreaming weavers of beauty, her seekers after historical incident; but war demands his trumpeters, his makers of hymns and of requiems, his heralds of pride and of victory. War links up the tiniest of us with the march of history, and no slightest gesture of ours can be permitted to go without its relation to world forces. War puts every soul in uniform, and makes the dead and the living to speak as housemates. Hope is king, Effacement his chamberlain, and the clocks strike only postponed hours.

The poets have dealt with war, but hardly in the accent of familiarity. From the easy discipline of pre-war years we merge only slowly into the presence of surrounding danger, of death, of primitive cruelty and destruction at our very doors. And besides, no song can make of war what it is in its very reality. War is still, and will be, one of the latent passions of man; a passion as strong as Love, its eternal antithesis—or companion? And where passions are concerned words have only a recording power, helpless to reproduce the actual force of deeds, yet able to leave an echo more permanent than its source.

Just because war is the uppermost thing, threatening to blanket every other expression and activity; we must care for that poetry which has not been concerned with it. To a reader of reports from the devastated region—of Barbusse, for instance—the marvel is that the life of the people continues so normal; men and women must eat, and drink and die in bed, the vast majority just as ever before; and the normal needs of life do not greatly alter for them. It is the patience with which little issues are borne, while great issues are in the balance, that make up one column of war's heroism. Poetry, for many, is the companion that does not fail them. It would have the common object put on a sublimity; give to the eyes of the spirit fresh landscapes, and keep the inner flame of sanity and simplicity burning through the dark. Such poetry is Sara Teasdale's, as far removed from war alarms as can be, yet as true as steel, though exquisite, fragile and personal. Mrs. Filsinger's "Love Songs" received the prize of \$500 awarded for the best book of poetry published in 1917, because "Love Songs" is perhaps the one book of American poetry, almost of any poetry, about which any number of judges could agree that it was utterly flawless. Almost from the beginning her pen has had the fineness of a sculptor's finishing stroke, a precision of touch, driven by so real an emotional force that one trembled first in fear for one or the other—then burst into applause at the perfection with which the two forces had dropped into thrilling balance. One cannot avoid dwelling much on Mrs. Filsinger's technique, yet technique alone would not have accounted for her almost classic "arrival," and for the personal force of her work. One thing, however, Mrs. Filsinger is not. She is not modern; her music is the barest trifle astringent; her egotism as appropriately clothed as a personage at court; yet "moderns"—even the extreme ones—do not deny her great achievement. Macmillan brings out "Love Songs."

There are others who have matured and perfected

their style, and their names are not among the six great of Amy Lowell either. There's Edna St. Vincent Millay, whose "Renaissance" burst like a spring shower upon the dry poetic work of 1912, and retains still its freshness and fragrance as of large winds. But Miss Millay has gone into a cloister since those days. The songs in "Renaissance" (Mitchel Kennerley), her recent book, are as simple as morning thoughts half expressed, but they have lost the all-conquering vision of the title poem. They strike plaintive notes on taut strings. They are sad. They are exquisite, nevertheless, with the lost cadence, which Thomas MacDonagh, the Irish teacher-leader, in the best book written about poetry since Aristotle, says is peculiarly the melodic instinct of the Celt.

Something like Miss Millay's work in quality of form, at least, is that of the youngest poet of all, John McClure. McClure's lyrics are just naturally good wine, needing not even the generous and just encomiums of H. L. Mencken on the cover to give this new poet a sure place among lyricists. He has a light, half gay, half regretful strain to unfold, young indeed, in all except the straightforward familiarity he shows toward his instrument, and he lays his comment before you as one who has had a passing vision and would share it with you unpretentiously. McClure enjoys an instinctive gift of careless pleasing; he has no design to take you far; he will walk with you down to the flowers, and make you cast side-long glances of approval at him on the way. It is a question of personality, peculiarly assured in a beginner. Whet your love of poignant etching on "A Calvary at Boulogne." It will leave you unsatisfied, but stirred. Another Irish *quæen*, this. His book is "Airs and Ballades" (Knopf, New York).

It is not crossing leagues from these to John Myers O'Hara, though. O'Hara is unlike anybody. Beauty from the beginning has been his frank challenge, a challenge probably sufficient to keep off the crowd. O'Hara is the paradox that destroys all distinctions. Fancy a classic and stately style that is not stilted; a Shelleyan idealism that beats no frayed great wings in the void; a power of passion and reticence, locked in the embrace of stone—a cowed Greek. This neo-Marius wrings your heart with successions of words you would think no melody would make to break and flutter as they do. Grief is his note in "Threnodies" (Smith and Sale, Portland) but he is like his own "Dying Pagan," saying words that can't be grievous as long as they can be as mightily beautiful as that. If such as O'Hara are but poet's poets, we would do ourselves well to attain the understanding that poetry is a thing by itself, which we might come to value by letting it take liberties with us, even if we are only a man. But a good many more than we, reader, will read this book, and know as much as we do of its beauties, which is more than we can tell.

The habit of anthologies is a wise step in poetic economy, but when the anthologies contain, as so many of them do, nowadays, so much that is good, and quite utterly various, they are disappointing, or at least fail to quench one's thirst. Miss Mary Carolyn Davis, for instance, ought to get out a book. She is one of the most promising elfs in "The Pagan Anthology" issued by the Pagan Publishing Company. Maxwell Bodenheim is represented in four short pieces—as well represented as could be, in so little, that bemusing and curious lingerer on the awesome void. There's a note of imperious distinction in every line he writes. For a long time you throw him aside perhaps as unintelligible, but it's a taste you cultivate. Here, too, is an opportunity for a venturesome publisher to give us all the flesh on the ghost. Bodie is Bodie, and no mistake. Among the other Pagans, whose paganism is not as impressive as their wispy poetry, Joseph Kling and Max Endicoff appear for an instant effectively. Miss Ruth Clay Price has made further interesting demands on the compositor's ingenuity of arrangement.

If one stays long with the new poets of the

macabre and the epicene, one finds the qualities of their difficultness. It is so with Alfred Kreyenborg, the father of the school. Recover from the shock of the strangeness, and at last you will enter into atmosphere that clears up and presents shapes familiar in arresting attitudes. William Carlos Williams is of this following; but Williams is forthright, a hard, straight, bitter javelin, compared to most of the staccatistas. And there's a tang of very old sherry in him, to mellow the irony, a bluff geniality back of his Harlequin's leer. I have no doubt Williams, in view of his unique and doubly impertinent pronouncement on the slip-cover, would smilingly eviscerate anybody who attempted to make him out lovable under his felonious modernism, or even because of it. I tell you what, these prophets of the dark vision of humanity, the Goyas, the Baudelaires, the John Fords, the Villons, have again and again their revenge upon a disapproving world, by catching the surreptitious fancy of brilliant youth. Their secret, too, is never to be without their own interpretation of justice. Williams, and sixteen others, are of this fire-struck clan. As you read him, too, and catch in your nostrils the pungent beauty in the wake of this "hard stuff," you begin to realize how little poetry depends on definitions, or precedents, or forms. Free verse has climbed to respect on its own unequal stairs. Williams' book is called "Al Que Quiere," issued by the Four Seas Company, Boston. It deserves reading, and much more adequate discussion than my space permits. One would like to know what Ezra Pound has to say about it, because Ezra likes seldom, but would like this.

Conrad Aiken's "Nocturne of Remembered Spring," also Four Seas Company, shows a steadily increasing mastery of his special atmosphere. Aiken has deliberately attempted to recreate and revivify an immediate past which would otherwise be left, one suspects, quite dead. His field is a certain semi-exciting, semi-pathologic type of youth of both sexes, become reminiscent and stumbly analytic. This material, which in other hands would appear preposterous or morbid, he makes to shine in moony splendor. All is of the half-forgotten, the soiled or shattered romance, the never-realized—a theme from "Jude the Obscure," played with harsh and tender chords which resolve in harmony. The hurdy-gurdy and the street lamp and the old misunderstanding. . . . If I pass to Joseph Bernard Rethy's "The Scarlet Host" (Smith and Sale, Portland) it is to show how different the similar thing is, when it is less well done. Rethy is concerned with the ragged-edge amour and its pitiful conclusions, rather sentimentally; love, with a limited objective, is his burden. A certain rare candor, which does not freshen the work, can yet hardly save it from the effect of too frequent occurrence of the transposed adjective and the week-end verb—such lines as "And you must with another room."

So we will roam to a quiet soothsayer, whose yarns are neither cryptic nor long, but contain the very emotion of thought in their small compass. David O'Neil surely hardly knew he was a poet when he wrote "A Cabinet of Jade" (Four Seas Company), else he could not have so lightly and so deftly said his say in feathery music, and left it, not a line too much or too little. Experience, temperament, observation filtered through mid-afternoon moods have made these bits of reflection stand remarkably firm on their legs. One asks, are they so wise and exquisite because they are young, or immeasurably old? It is this paradox, no doubt, that has made Mr. Braithwaite tag them with the Japanese *cliché*. Again old Father Rhyme-and-Meter knocked clean out of the ring.

Edward J. O'Brien, in "White Fountains" (Four Seas Company) builds the lines of the first two poems, as the foreword explains, on the Gregorian plain chant, and follows the plan of Mr. Bridges, and other English poets, of indicating the caesuras by means of arbitrary commas. But if one is to be so uncomplimentary to the reader, why not break up the line? There is a certain aplomb of correctness about

Mr. O'Brien's wildest flights which make one afraid to suggest. The poems "Flesh and Flower" are notable for their completeness. They are a sort of apostrophic categories of natural symbols, beginning with the members of the human body. This is more nearly "pagan" in actual spirit and in thoroughness of execution than anything we have seen. Mr. O'Brien makes a very moving nude, and a very moving nature, too. It reminds us that we have a race of American mystics, priests of the religion of Freedom, of the Flesh, of Demos,—but actually of true mystic persuasion, a matter of fervour. The remaining shorter lyrics of Mr. O'Brien continue in the mystic vein. Certain recurring terms appear to be symbolical. The poem "Magic" is utterly disembodied; leads one a chase after the thread. Mr. O'Brien has some excellent translations, especially the "Complaint of the Oblivion of the Dead," from Jules Lafargue. Why doesn't Pound, who could do it better than anybody, translate all of Lafargue? He is still, like Mallarmé, hardly more than an "influence" to English readers.

I have suggested somewhere the difficulty of making war a subject of poetry to a people so unused to its realities as we are. Amelia Josephine Burr has written a whole book of verse on it, and thereby shown that she fears nothing in the way of literary task. It is clear that most of "The Silver Trumpet" was written in the white heat of the emotion that is necessarily more prevalent now than any other. Miss Burr tells the story from the woman's side, stoical in her pathos,—and that pathos is as real as words can make it. This is the best book of its kind I have seen, a book stripped bare of inessentials, and, litanesque in its proud grief. Doran, New York, publishes it.

Among the most winning of the poems in Richard Butler Glaenzer's "Beggar and King" (Yale University Press) are on the war, both blythe lilt, in a very different key from that of Miss Burr. These are, "Sure, It's Fun" and "Soldiers' Song." And there is also "Vive la France" the bully *riposte* to Hindenburg's "France is dying." It has been widely reprinted. Mr. Glaenzer is a puzzling poet, one who does the most difficult technical feats, with an air of playing tennis, but, save for the admiration, the heart in the mouth, leaving one mostly cold. There is irony and color, and an authentic searching mind, linked to a princely vocabulary, but all is as of something seen in a mirror, except—except when a certain bluff, vigorous person breaks through the trappings of the magistrate or the magician, and shakes his fist roaringly at you. And there is a learned boy, too, very attractive, who appears in "Parabalou—Yale," but neither of these are often enough on the job. One would like to know something about Mr. Glaenzer's dreams, if he has any, some of his secrets, but he is a locked-up big man-poet irritatingly able to do the thing he temperamentally couldn't do.

There is a tribe of historical-geographical poets, travelers in worlds and philosophies, who give you the deliberate, pondered *decors* of what they have seen and heard. Mr. Glaenzer is one of these and so is Mr. Thomas Walsh, whose "Gardens Overseas" (John Lane Company) is another of these exasperatingly admirable volumes. As the advertisement says: "This new collection of poems by Thomas Walsh shows a great variety of subjects." It does, all excellently well done, after the manner of many. Mr. Walsh's translations of Dario and other Spanish-Americans have been of service in making the Americas better known to each other. In very simple things of his own like "After Rainfall" and "To An Irish Terrier," he has a note of more welcome lyricism.

Miss Jessie B. Rittenhouse will never be fully repaid the debt owed her for her enthusiasm and encouragement of poetry in its lean years. She has been a careful laborer in the vineyard of anthologies too. In "The Door of Dreams" (Houghton, Mifflin) she is represented as a poet of delicacy and charm. The verses entitled "Debt," reprinted by Sara Teas-

dale Filsinger in her collection, "The Answering Voice" (Houghton, Mifflin) exemplify Miss Rittenhouse's singing quality. This collection which Mrs. Filsinger has made, of love songs by women, gives rise to a vast amount of reflection on the future of feminism, as well as to congratulation to the sex. The reflection comes from the fact that in some such ratio as ninety-five to five, poetesses alive and young to-day predominate in the book; and also that certainly in this field the women show themselves not only more sensitive—which might be expected—but also more honest, than any of the male love-poets of any age. In short, in this volume, the women tell the truth about love, tell of its dependence on apparently little issues, of its simple dignity, its unadorned comradeship, in short, the *human*, and frail, thing that it, alas and hallelujah, is. Is this that they have more courage, or less reason to fear? Men have never dared to say such things. Almost never do men really come off their perch about love.

I arrive at Sherwood Anderson's "Mid-American Chants," and "Mid-American Chants" suggests a subject big enough to go by itself, so it shall be left over to another usurpation of these columns. I can't resist quoting here, after all, John McClure's "Calvary at Boulogne." It is so perfect, as a symbol and as a song:

At Boulogne-by-the-Sea
Christ Jesus startled me.

I saw upon a hill
His cross against the sky
Peering toward the sea
Where the swift ships went by

He peered toward the sea
With his sad face
Waiting for his folk to come
From a far place,

Waiting for his folk to come
Which they never will—
Peering toward the grey sea
From a high hill.

♦♦♦♦

Reactions of a Reader

By Alliterarius

XII. TO LITERARY SNOBBERY

I HAVE just been turning the leaves of a new book that is receiving a good deal of attention. It is the story of commerce, from the romantic—or, at least, the representatively romantic—viewpoint. It is a large and very handsome volume, of imposing dimensions, finely printed and superbly illustrated with many full-page plates, some of them photographs.

Trade, you see, continues to edge its way into literature. Or, to construct a nice little antithesis, literature having become a trade, trade is now becoming a literature. The rule works both ways and, I suppose, before long it will not much matter about discrimination 'twixt t'other and which.

This volume which has set me going, however, is said to be the first of its kind ever written. It begins at the beginning, with the Phoenicians and others of that ilk in the days before the Pyramids, and tells the story of trade and barter through the evolution of those branches of activity to their present status. Tells it with detail and much citation of historic fact—there is plenty of documentation—but with the endeavor always to make some sort of romance out of it.

I am interested—to a certain extent!—in romance. I am not interested—to any great extent—in trade. I might not have been interested at all in the romance of trade, this book about it and about, but for the fact of a certain interest in the author. This author, who writes *con amore*, is a famous tradesman. He is of American origin, though nothing in the book would lead one to suspect it, the volume being printed and published in England and of distinctly British atmosphere throughout. Being a keen man in trade, the author did not fail to recognize the fatal mistake that any racial revelations would

constitute. When we are dressing windows, and know our business, we keep out of sight any and all things of possibly unfortunate effect.

Nevertheless, our distinguished author is, as I have said, of American origin. His beginnings, like those of a character in a book quotable because it is British, were "werry 'umble." As I understand it, he began as a cash-boy, or a bundle-boy, or something of that sort, in the emporium of a certain Merchant Prince in an American city. From this modest commencement he "worked up." In the passage of time he worked up so high that he became manager of the whole immense establishment and a millionaire in his own right—I might mention the fact, incidentally, that the proprietor of this colossal trading temple used (he is now dead) to boast that he "made a millionaire every year." At least, he used to be credited with that boast, and people believed it.

Well—at any rate he made at least one millionaire, *i. e.*, our present author. Who, having reached this dizzy altitude, yearned for an independent career. Trading folk were therefore startled one day at the news that he had resigned his managerial position and become the proprietor of another big business in the same city. It was quite a nine days' wonder, at the time. But a still greater one speedily followed, for hardly could his new business stationery have been printed before our hero sold out his new establishment, lock, stock and barrel (making, it is said, a big thing on the deal) and "retired."

That is, it was said that he had "retired." That he had a taste for literature and the arts, and, having amassed a million or two, proposed now to resign the arena and the odium of trade and become a cultured gentleman of leisure. But, it soon appeared, he had "retired" for a quite different purpose. And a still greater sensation was sprung when it was made known that he had betaken himself to London and there had opened a mammoth department store, modeled upon that one in America which had made him a millionaire.

The fortunes of the new venture proved somewhat inauspicious at first. Indeed, it has been rumored that our author-hero was at one time substantially "all in." The London public resented the idea of a Yankee trader setting up shop in this audacious manner, to the despite of all the traditions of Bond street. And it determined to show him that he was without *raison d'être* in their midst. But for the fact that he started in with millions and succeeded in getting the backing of others, he undoubtedly would have lost out, also everything—and, if one wanted to add a touch of the romance of trade, one might imagine him once more reduced to the position of a cash-boy or a bundle-boy in the very same institution where he aforetime so began! This, I think, would be very telling, also touching, romantically speaking. And, from that point of view, would not one be justified in regretting that it didn't happen?

However, it didn't. Our hero managed to hold on until things came his way. That was several years ago and since then, if report, that most omniscient of authorities, is correct, he has been accumulating additional millions—is keeping right along at it, despite the war 'n everything.

And now he has written a book, a romance of trade—a *roman-a-clef*, as it were, or should I more properly say a *roman-a-these*? Never—are you not tempted to say?—could author and subject be more ideally fitted, destined or ordained one for the other than these twain. So, do you wonder that, taking up this book—which, although so avowedly romantic, must inevitably become a classic, even though it should baffle Mr. Paul Elmer Moore to explain why or how!—I burnt with interest to discover not merely how the author handled his subject, but, particularly, how he had woven, if not himself, at least his antecedents and environment, into it. And behold, I discovered—nil, nihil, nothing!

Now that a Merchant Prince should be modest need not necessarily arouse our astonishment, espe-

cially if we are in the habit of reading their advertisements in the daily press—literary masterpieces celebrated for their repressiveness, sobriety and lack of desire to obtrude upon the attention of those readers intent on the murders, divorces, beauty-hints, colyums and other uplifting, non-advertising matter. One could understand the suppression of the personal note. But when that leads to the coordinate suppression of practically the entire romance of commerce in the U. S. A., including the evolution of the system which actually made the book itself a possibility, or a reality, how explain it?

This is a very important matter, and it will not do to dismiss it with Mr. Dooley's amiably negligent W'at't'ell. We want to know. Or, at any rate, I do!

For it is a fact. The names of America and the United States are almost imperceptible to the naked eye in this large and handsome volume. There are a few paragraphs giving a hasty pen-picture of a big American department store, an occasional scrappy reference to something else American, hurried over as rapidly as possible and soft-pedaled for the most part. And that is all.

Do you know, as I have taken this in, I have been unable to repress a thought—and as thoughts with me are rarities, I must reveal it. I have been thinking—What a pity that the original Merchant Prince who made our author one, did not live to see this rare romance! In a way this Merchant Prince was the most remarkable one that ever lived. He is dead now and become historic—in trade, anyway. In a book of this kind one would suppose that he, if anybody, deserved inclusion—deserved it far more eminently than many of the worthies so elaborately portrayed in the superb full-page plate. He took our author up, taught him his trade and made him a millionaire, able to build a trading temple of his own. And he is not even mentioned in the dispatches. He does not even figure among those who also ran.

I looked also in vain for any depiction, or fit presentation, of any kind or sort, of those many and amazing American contributors and contributions to the romance of commerce. Apparently, while it cannot be contended that they were or are nonexistent, our author does not consider them fit for publication.

It is said that the only way in which he made a go of his London temple was by suppressing rigidly everything about it calculated to remind its patrons of the U. S. A. He issued proclamations to the populace assuring them that everybody about the premises—excepting only himself—was, and ever should be, purely and bloodily British. There would, he sacredly promised, be no Yankees permitted about the shop—that is, none except those who came in to trade.

It would appear that in the writing, and printing, of his commercial romance, he has been governed by the same principles. There are, of course, a few Continental and Oriental concessions. Otherwise, trade is something exclusively British. Why, I wonder, did the author forget to emblazon upon his title-page that familiar quotation from the maxims of Napoleon Bonaparte, anent the trading propensities of the British? I hate to imply an oversight, still one here seems apparent. "We are the people"—and our author, verily, would be one of us. In fact, he would be more British than the British themselves. For, do you know, I have an idea that if a Briton had set out to write the romance of commerce, while not neglecting to blow the Britannic horn, neither would he have neglected giving some space to the Yankee war-whoop. The British may be insular, but when it comes to trade, nothing on the footstool escapes them!

In order to give these remarks a fine literary flavor, I casually introduced above a reference to the works of Dickens. It will help if I add another one—this time to Thackeray. When his "Book of Snobs" is next reissued, ought there not to be an appendix, or at least a footnote, giving credit to this new romance of trade for what its author has accomplished?



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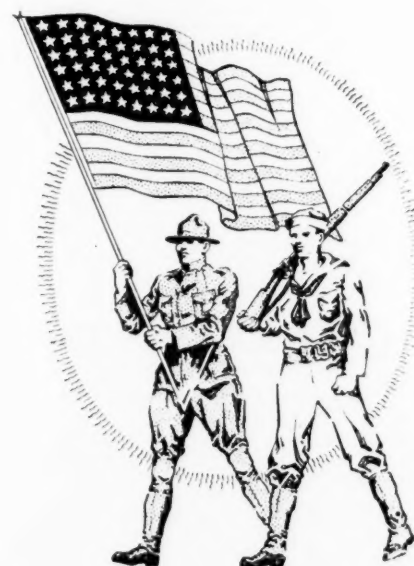
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Letters From the People To Abolish Inheritance

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

In your review of "The Abolition of Inheritance" you say the writer, Mr. Harlan Eugene Read, is a single taxer, but he thinks we must "abolish inheritance before we can get single tax."

A real single taxer believes we must get single tax before we can get almost every good thing. You credit him with three fallacies, which kill his programme.

1. "A great deal of wealth acquired by people is not created by them at all, but by the activities of the community at large."

There is no such wealth. Single taxers have learned the only sources of wealth, land, labor and capital. The "community at large" is not included in these factors. A division of wealth results from the pressure of population upon poorer land, called Rent, but rent is entirely the creation of the tenant and the land, not at all of the community.

The legal power to collect this rent (a land title) is bought and sold by so-called owners, and the market shows "selling price" of land. This value is fictitious, the same as the water in stocks,

hence is not created by anybody; it depends solely upon the private opinions of buyers and sellers of titles. The proof:

"The value of land represents merely the value of the expectation that the state will continue to permit the holder to appropriate a value belonging to all."—Henry George, "A Perplexed Philosopher," page 223.

The law, not the community, is the cause of the expectation.

2. "No man has a right to receive what he does not earn." This is astonishing. Every day someone receives a gift from the producer of it. Children receive but do not produce. Does Mr. Read assert that a parent may make gifts to his children, of his products, while alive, but may not make gifts conditional on death? What he means is that men should not be empowered to take unearned wealth legally. This error contradicts the truth: "Mr. Read takes his stand on the broad principle that wealth belongs to the person who creates it." This title is so good that the producer may give away his product.

3. "Inherited wealth does not produce more wealth." Capital produces wealth; inherited wealth exchanged for capital, if not already capital, aids labor. The wealth produced by labor and capital, above the quantity which labor could

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produce without capital, is the product of capital.

Mr. Read has offered merely a bungling substitute for single tax, which secures to the producer the product. While the taking of fortunes above \$100,000 may be more moral than their retention by heirs of an exploiter, that scheme is of no value to the single tax programme, nor is it related to single tax.

C. F. HUNT.

530 Aldine Ave., Chicago.

Ignorance, Cowardice, or Blackmail?

New York, June 20, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

The growth of the movement for prohibitory laws has been largely due to the widespread circulation in the newspapers of a series of amazing falsehoods concerning the effects of the use of alcoholic beverages. Charges that liquor drinking is the chief cause of crime, poverty, insanity and disease have been constantly made by the prohibition

advocates on the lecture platform, in church pulpits, and in statements issued to the press. The repetition of these charges has led to their acceptance by the public, with the result that there is now a general belief that they are true. As a matter of fact they are either wholly untrue, or so grossly exaggerated as to be in effect a deliberate misrepresentation of the facts. A careful study of official records of public and private charities, courts, insane asylums and hospitals shows that there is practically no basis for the assertions that have created the prohibition sentiment, but although these records have been published many times, the prohibition untruths are still believed by millions of people.

The truth about the falsehoods and misrepresentations of the prohibition propaganda have long been known to all newspaper editors, yet they continue to publish them, and, in a great many cases, refuse to publish contradictions based on official statistics. The reasons

for this policy are, first, ignorance; second, cowardice, and third, a desire to force the opponents of prohibition to resort to paid advertising to counteract the statements of the drys.

(1) Ignorance. "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance," was Dr. Samuel Johnson's reply to a lady who asked him how he came to make a mistake in describing a certain bone in the horse's leg. Profound ignorance of the real causes of crime, poverty, insanity and disease leads the average editor to accept the prohibition assertions as to the origin of these evils. Medical quacks, clerical charlatans, and professional reformers, join in the cry, "drink does it." How or why drink does it they have not the slightest idea, but parrot-like repeat what they have been told. It is a sad commentary on our boasted popular intelligence to find the shallow notions of fanatics and paid agitators accepted as "science."

(2) Cowardice. "Courage," says Renan, "is the supreme virtue." Unfortunately, among our lawmakers and politicians it is also the rarest. The clamor of a small but noisy minority that seeks to impose its narrow views upon the rest of mankind, scares the average legislator into voting against his convictions. The threat to use the power of the churches to defeat at the polls anyone who votes against prohibitory laws has intimidated state legislatures and congress, so that they have voted for prohibition despite the fact that they knew that it is a failure as a remedy for intemperance, and an unjustifiable interference with personal rights and liberties. Fear of church criticism, and of offending advertisers who favor prohibition, makes cowards of thousands of editors who at heart know that men cannot be made temperate or moral by law.

(3) Financial Interests of Newspapers. Between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 are collected annually by the Anti-Saloon League, and at least as much more by the various prohibition associations. Practically none of this money is expended for advertising, most of it going for salaries of paid workers and cash collectors. At a recent state convention of the W. C. T. U. the president boasted that in one small city in New York state the newspapers had given 187 columns of free publicity to the prohibition agitation. The most puerile statements and absurd claims of the drys are published as though they were news or interesting facts. This is done in many cases for the purpose of forcing the liquor interests to publish as advertisements the facts that expose the falsity of the prohibition claims. As the assistant managing editor of a great metropolitan daily said to the writer: "If we didn't publish the Anti-Saloon League stuff the liquor people wouldn't come around with advertising to give the public what they think is the truth." Newspapers that freely publish the wildest inventions of the drys refuse to print corrections unless inserted as paid advertisements. Free publicity for the prohibitionists, but the side of the great majority of the people, that uses alcoholic beverages and wishes to continue using them, must be paid for.

These are the reasons why the views of the minority have seemed to repre-

sent popular sentiment. These are the conditions that have brought about the imminent danger of the ratification of the national prohibition amendment, under which it will never again be possible for many millions of sober, temperate men and women to legally buy a glass of beer, wine, or other alcoholic beverage.

WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

♦♦♦

"The Making of a Modern Army"

Before the war such a book as "The Making of a Modern Army" by René Radiguet (Putnam's, N. Y.) would have found few readers in America. Nothing showed more vividly the contrast between Germany and America as to the interest of the two countries in war than the number of books published on that subject.

But the war has changed the situation in America. Millions of men in training are perforce interested in the army. Then the parents and friends of the men in training have acquired, through sympathy, an interest in war. Besides, all intelligent patriots, anxious for the victory of their nation's arms, will be somewhat interested in the means by which victory can be achieved.

For all these classes the book under consideration is splendidly adapted. It is written by a French general who has been through the war. It tells the story of how war is being actually fought in France and elsewhere. And it shows what America must do if she is to measure up with her allies and serve the cause as she desires to do.

Every department of the organization and training of a modern army is described briefly but vividly: aviation, trench organization, composition and use of the artillery, munitions, supply, infantry, forbidden weapons such as gases, liquid fire, etc. The descriptions are accompanied by diagrams that aid the imagination to realize the whole situation of a modern battle. All in all, General Radiguet has produced a book which will not only be useful in the American army but to the millions of Americans who will be anxious to know just what their sons are doing "somewhere in France."

♦♦♦

Good Old Days

After giving the admonition "Don't grouse," Mr. Joe Blackburn (Birstall), a member of the Heavy Woollen District Advisory Board of British Food Control Committees, has informed his colleagues privately that the world was without sugar until the thirteenth century, without coal until the fourteenth century, without butter until the fifteenth century, without tobacco and potatoes until the sixteenth century, without tea, coffee, and soap until the seventeenth century, without lamps and umbrellas until the eighteenth century, without telegrams, gas, matches, and chloroform until the nineteenth century. And yet, he observed, people talk about "the good old times."

♦♦♦

Bill—Did turning the clock ahead put you out at all?

Gill—Sure! She made me go home an hour earlier Saturday night.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Liebknicht's "Militarism"

By Ruth Mather

"Militarism" by Dr. Karl Liebknicht (B. W. Huebsch, New York) has less connection with the present war than one might imagine from the title, since, as written in 1906, it seems addressed primarily to Socialists, and dedicated above all to the advancement of that movement. Militarism occupies the attention of the author not so much positively as negatively—with respect, that is, to its meaning for socialism of a revolutionary sort. And not so much with militarism in its external aspects as in its internal ones, does Dr. Liebknicht concern himself in his denunciations.

He sees the modern military machine, no matter in what nation it may be found, as the instrument of capitalism. "Best adapted to the capitalistic stage of development is the army built on universal military service which, though an army constituted by the people, is not an army of the people, but an army against the people, or becomes increasingly converted into such a one." With the wily capitalist or aristocrat, the army is an excellent means of keeping the proletariat too busy to ponder its grievances: on the same principle that "a certain amount of fleas is good for a dog,—it keeps him from thinkin' too much about bein' a dog!"—supposedly. Particularly detailed attention is given to the enormities perpetrated upon striking laborers by the militia in many countries.

A paragraph toward the close of the volume summarizes rather clearly the author's message and purpose: "But militarism also disturbs the national peace, not only by the brutalizing effect it has upon the people, the heavy economic burdens it imposes upon the people and the pressure of taxes and tariff thus brought about; not only by the corruption accompanying it; not only by dividing into two castes a people already sufficiently oppressed by class-division; not only by its practice of maltreating soldiers and its system of dispensing justice; but above all by being in the way of every kind of progress, by being an ingenious and highly efficient instrument for closing by force the valve of the social steam-boiler. He who believes that the progress of humanity is inevitable must see in the existence of militarism the most important obstacle in the way of a peaceful and continuous evolution, to him an unbroken militarism must mean the necessity of a blood-red dawn of the capitalist idols—a capitalist 'Gotzendämmerung.'"

The world of twelve years ago seems now, since the war, some centuries gone and the reader may be prone as he reads what was written then, to exclaim against it as "old stuff." But the book does have this current interest: that it gives some hint as to the feeling to-day among the more liberal and radical Germans, from whom we hear so little, though we have faith that as they were there in some numbers when Dr. Liebknicht wrote, they are there now, though probably in smaller numerical strength. Still the advanced nature of Dr. Liebknicht's utterances should not be too

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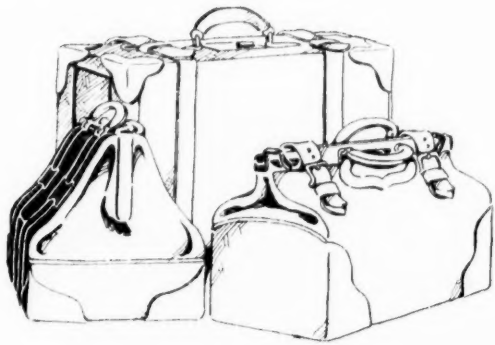
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optimistically taken, as he probably represents—in the literal sense, that is to say—a mere handful of his countrymen—and a minority, too, of the Social Democrats, according to their vote for or against the war-budget at the outbreak of hostilities. It is fascinating to think the Germans will rise, like the Russians, against their government, but not too well founded, one fears, save in our own desire. We have fairly well

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got over the delusion we started out with, that we were fighting the German government, not the German people. As some captured German officers said to this statement the other day, "*Das ist eins!*" As for Dr. Liebknecht himself, however, even in the United States, his opinions would be markedly radical. He takes that "handwriting-on-the-wall" tone so often characteristic of Socialist literature. His style is sensational. He calls Russia "the empire of the knout," and describes Pinkerton detectives as American "gunmen." The Russia of to-day is something different from then, but what it is we do not know. As for

"Pinkertons," this generation has almost forgot what they were, though we still have strike-breakers. It is not at all a wonder that in Germany his work was soon suppressed. The hopeful fact is, it could ever have been written or published within that empire. Even those who disapprove the hypotheses and methods of Marxian Socialism should be grateful for Dr. Liebknecht as a daring man and sorely-needed antidote against autocracy. The trouble is that the German people, who sorely need it, cannot get the book. Its value to us is that it warns us against what might happen as a result of our going into the

war; how a defensive army may become a vast oppression and corruption for the establishment of class rule. Our safeguard is that our people can control our government through the ballot, as the German people, with their restricted franchise, cannot control their government. They seek franchise reform but only recently the Kaiser, von Hertling, Hindenburg, Ludendorff and Mackensen have vetoed it—postponed it, they say, until after a German peace has been attained. It looks as if our army will never be the menace to the worker that it was in Germany, for by the time the army comes back, as now appears, Labor

will dominate the government that will control the army. Still, here are all the arguments against militarism and some day we may need them.

The prefatory sketch of the life of Dr. Liebknecht is valuable. It shows him as a real hero of free thought. It took the Great War to furnish the excuse for silencing him by putting him in prison. When he comes out of the silence he may be a bigger man in Germany than the emperor. But it looks as if he must await the victory of the Yankees over his country before he can be liberated.

♦♦♦

Home Help in Music Study

Any book by a competent writer that undertakes to show how the teaching of music may be made more efficient and successful ought to interest a large public, for no other art can claim so many devotees as music. Of the number of boys and girls who are given lessons in music only a small percentage ever achieve the power really to entertain themselves or their friends. Either the few only have genuine musical talent or the methods of music-teaching thus far have been inadequate.

"Home Help in Music Study" by Harriette Brewer (Stokes) is certainly very readable and seems to be based on a sound psychological principle. It is essential that music should seem to the child a perfectly natural development out of life itself. Music has been imposed on pupils whose interest in it had not been previously developed and has in consequence only too often seemed a bore. Miss Brewer's thesis is that the mind of the child should be prepared for music-study before that study has been formally taken up. Children should be surrounded with a "musical atmosphere" in the home. Their playtime should be used to train them to listen to the notes of birds, the babbling of the streams, the tick of the clock and all the other simple sounds which greet the hearing ear every day.

The author also shows how by means of simple games and musical toys children can be made to master the rudiments of pitch and tone value, rhythm and harmony.

The most striking thing about the whole book is its fundamental idea—that music is to be gotten at by an internal appreciation of its meaning and beauty. Music is not a mere achievement of the will, not something that is drilled into the child by mere force of repetition. It is rather something intimately related to life, growing out of life, ministering to life. Music is a spiritual value and a sense of this value ought to be awakened in the child before he is set to the arduous duties of daily practice.

It would be hard to conceive anything more calculated to awaken enthusiasm in the teacher and the pupil or in the parents who wish their children to be musical than this most entertaining book on "Home Help in Music Study."

♦♦♦

"Would you hide behind a woman's petticoats?" "Not exactly, but I find it just as well to let your wife do the talking when you are held up by a traffic cop."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Pomegranates of Eden

By Margaret B. Downing

Washington, June 25.

The capital of the nation in war-time has been portrayed from so many angles and by such versatile and illuminating writers, it seems presumptuous to state that its most remarkable aspect has been neglected. A wave of religious enthusiasm has swept the city. It is now not only the court, the camp and the workshop of the nation, but its spiritual center.

Two pertinent facts may be adduced to show which way the wind blows in the public mind. A writer of fashion notes described recently the chic appearance of an ancient ivory rosary case used as a knob for a parasol. The editor of the paper publishing this hint was submerged with protests against using anything relating to sacred purposes so lightly. It were better, wrote several dozens of indignant citizens, that those who possessed rosaries should keep them safely in their cases and say their prayers on occasion instead of decorating parasols. A few days ago the city fathers of Washington ordered that all the bells should peal the angelus at noon and all within sound should pause for the moment and pray for peace. While it has been amusing to note that secular papers as a rule seem to think Millet invented the angelus at the time he painted his wonderful picture and are absolutely unaware that for centuries the angelus has called to prayer millions of the older religion, not once but three times a day, at dawn, at meridian and at the close, the municipal order is tremendously significant of the seething religious life and a good thing from every standpoint. The Catholic reflects that the Word was made Flesh and dwelt amongst us and the same meditation universally restored, might assist wonderfully in alleviating the troubles of the world as they afflict us at present.

Columns have been written about the congested condition of Washington houses, streets and public conveyances. The same condition exists in Washington churches. The city is generously supplied with them and until about a year ago it had achieved the reputation of showing more empty pews than any city of its size in the national territory. Now, if one is not a pewholder he must be abroad early unless he wishes to assist at Divine service standing in the aisles, and this is true of congregations of every shade of religious opinion from the Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox to the newest structure dedicated to Christian Science. Tent churches now dot all public ground not given over to war gardens, and shepherds from various folds hold services, all day long, to crowds which overflow on the pavements.

And yet Billy Sunday came and went and scarcely made a ripple on the surface of the aroused spiritual life. Since Washington was booming religiously, it was deemed the psychological moment to bring the Slang Apostle to the aid of the cause of righteousness. But those who dwell in the capital had need of something stronger and more satisfying

than Billy Sunday offered "to quiet the fever and the pain" of their souls. It is problematic if the Apostle has spent a more discouraging and less remunerative month than the one he passed in this city in January of this year.

That every religious sentiment of worthy origin rests on the broad foundation of charity was apparent to the thousands who gathered last Sunday under the Washington monument to assist in an open-air vesper service. A Dominican from the great monastery to the northeast of the city stood on the green sward beneath the mighty shaft and his voice rang clear and true to the outer fringe of the multitude. Those who know of the Order Preachers from its inception under the great founder, St. Dominic, were reminded of another white-clad Dominican, Savonarola, and his stupendous exhortations to the Florentines. But this preacher, unlike the prophet of Tuscany, dwelt on the regeneration of the nations through the sorrows of war and on a glorious world rebuilt on the ruins wrought by passion and hate. Thousands listened respectfully, seemingly with refreshment. This under the monument which stands not alone to commemorate the first patriot and his deeds, but also to perpetuate one of the most unjust acts ever committed by the people of this republic against the religious convictions of another set of people. Half-way up the shaft is a marked discoloration where labor was suspended for thirty years after the shock administered when the stone offered by the Roman Pontiff had been sunk in the Potomac. They seem centuries removed—the time when such bigotry prevailed and the scene enacted as twilight gathered over the river and the throngs joined in a resounding chorus of hymns and patriotic songs. Someone has unkindly remarked that the American soldier shows a true Wagnerian contempt for melody when he sings *en masse*, but the spirit of the occasion was too sincere and manifest to make such a criticism fasten.

Still another and even more striking evidence of the turning aside of the people from vain pursuits and their consolation in prayer! About three miles from Washington as the crow flies, the Franciscan monks have erected a wonderful church and monastery, replica of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre on the Mount of Olives in Jerusalem. True sons of the gentle Saint of Assisi, these monks have labored with their own hands until the hill is a garden spot and attractive for aesthetic reasons, even without its spiritual appeal. Grottoes have been fashioned out of brown concrete until they deceive the eye of the most critical and one such grotto, the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, has been reproduced in faultless perfection. High up on the rock, the gentle virgin stands in her blue and white robes and last week billows of soft pink roses hung over the rock and formed a garland. A fairer vision cannot be seen until we are granted the splendor of the Holy City. It was not so long ago that even fervent Catholics felt a bit apologetic over what seemed a display of superstition at this shrine. Now throngs kneel at the little railing, women of all

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classes and of every religious belief, asking of the Holy Mother ease for their griefs. There is a *Via Dolorosa* around the garden and many a saddened mother, hundreds of them not professed Catholics either, finds strength to carry her cross, seeing how the great Mother toiled after the Redeemer with His.

It is not an uncommon sight to meet pilgrims on the way to the shrine, on foot, bearing lighted candles and chanting the sad litany of sorrows and woes from which they beseech the good Lord to deliver them. Sometimes hundreds come on the midnight train from New York and because of the restricted food conditions in Washington they bring a slender luncheon, which they eat in the grove about the church after they have performed their religious duties. The monks, of the few to whom hospitality is not an extinct virtue, give hot coffee in generous bucketsful, but the pilgrims seem to care little for creature comforts. Pilgrimages come from as far off as Boston and Chicago and one from St. Louis is expected about September 17, when the feast of the Stigmata of St. Francis is to be celebrated with befitting pomp.

Three miles northwest of Washington as the crow flies, stands the beautiful Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul,

the stateliest church in all Washington, now in the course of completion and under Episcopalian direction. When the treaty of Paris was signed and the United States and Spain had resumed diplomatic relations, the late Bishop Henry Yates Satterlee, a rare and apostolic religious teacher, erected a peace cross in the lovely old woods about St. Alban's. It is of fairest marble and in shape like the wonderful old Celtic cross of Clonmacnoise. This cross has a new and pathetic significance and every Sunday at sunset pious throngs gather about it and pray for courage and endurance. Tea houses and road houses which wax fat on week days are closed on Sundays. "The angel of prayer" has come unto his own. "The golden pomegranates of Eden" seemingly outdazzle the baubles of earth. Washington as the radiating center of a vast religious revival offers a phase of life which should inspire national conscience.

♦♦♦

"There ought to be only one head to any family," shouted the orator. "That's true," replied a married-looking man in the audience. "You agree with me?" shouted the speaker. "I do," replied the married-looking man. "Ye just paid for hats for nine daughters."—*People's Home Journal*.

"Credit of the Nations"

The great war has been studied from many phases but thus far the military and historical points of view have been most completely developed. An astonished world wanted to know how this awful thing had been made possible and turned to the historians for answers to their questions. The military leaders were interested in the technique of the war itself and turned to books which described the training of a modern army and the actual operations on the battlefield.

But soon we shall see a shifting of public interest. When once the American army has been brought to fighting strength in France and the allies are able to assume the offensive again, with the assurance that Germany has no more surprises to spring and that her ultimate defeat is in sight, the phase of the war that will be uppermost will be the economic and the financial. Just now we are, inevitably and rightly, thinking about *winning the war* rather than *estimating the cost of the war*. But the financial problem looms in the distance for all the belligerent countries and will call for just as serious a study and just as persistent a will-to-win as the war on land, in the air and on the sea.

When the financial phase of the war gets its innings, the book entitled "Credit of the Nations" (Scribner's, N. Y.) by Professor J. Laurence Laughlin of Chicago University will undoubtedly have great value for all who are capable of a serious technical study of war finance. Professor Laughlin is a distinguished authority on finance and brings to his task many years' experience both as teacher and writer on monetary and economic subjects.

The first chapter is devoted to "The Economic Situation Preceding the War" and after telling the story of Germany's industrial development and of her foreign policy, ends with the statement that the real cause of the war was the German dream of an economic *Mitteleuropa*.

The second chapter discusses in a very clear and orderly way the general subject of war and credit and, besides the more technical aspects of the subject, gives illuminating treatment to such matters as "Waste in Time of Peace" and "Destruction in War."

Then follow four chapters of the utmost value to the serious student on the financial methods of the four greater nations now engaged in the war—England, France, Germany and the United States. These chapters with the charts and appendices that accompany and follow them give so thorough and intelligible an account of the matters with which they deal that they will surely be of service not merely to theoretical students in college classes but to practical statesmen and administrators.

Only a thorough student of finance could pronounce a critical judgment on the book's value from the standpoint of accuracy and sound thinking, but to the layman at least Prof. Laughlin seems to have written a book which will bring the whole subject of war finance, in its

large outlines, within the grasp of all intelligent citizens who are not too lazy to think and who are willing to spend the time involved in its reading and study. Democracy can never be made safe without intelligent handling of all its great problems by the leaders of its citizenship and the debt of these leaders to Professor Laughlin, if they really mastered his book, would be very real. And this is true, even though Prof. Laughlin is unto radical economists, single taxers and the like, even as a red rag to a bull.

♦♦♦

Designed

In a small West Texas town, out in the Cap Rock country, interest was centered about the registration booth, and the atmosphere was becoming pretty solemn and funereal when a well set-up young cowman clicked up to the official in charge and gave a well-known name. Glibly answering the questions put to him, he was met with the question: "Ever had any accidents?" "Accident? Nope." "Never had an accident in your life?" "Nope. Rattler bit me once." "Don't you call that an accident?" continued the questioner, eyeing the easy-going young fellow severely. "Thunder, no! The thing bit me on purpose."

♦♦♦

"Well, if that ain't the limit," mused the postman, as he came down the steps of a private residence. "What's the trouble?" queried the mere citizen who had overheard the postman's noisy thought. "Why," explained the man in gray, "the woman in that house says if I don't come earlier she'll get her letters from some other carrier."—*Indianapolis Star*.

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Ideals of Painting

By Ruth Mather

A book likely to prove permanently valuable in the field of art-criticism is "The Ideals of Painting" by J. Comyns Carr (Macmillan Co., New York). It is a comparative study of the aims and standards of all the great European schools from the period of Giotto and the earlier Renaissance to the time of Impressionists in France and Pre-Raphaelites in England. One takes it that the author's particular point of attack upon the whole great subject of art and painting in general was dictated by his theory that method and technique are absolutely meaningless save as the evocations of inner concept and idea. Therefore considerations of the material means are subordinated to those of spiritual ends in the case of all his estimates, and biographical details are introduced only in so far as certain outward episodes and events in the lives of the masters may have influenced importantly the very soul-qualities of their art.

The arrangement of the volume is according to facts of time and place, although in his actual criticisms the author has well sought to employ with extreme caution all such surface and arbitrary tests as those typified by the merely temporal or local. To quote his own words, "Although the story of art naturally unfolds itself in historic sequence, it would be a grave mistake to assume that we can take the measure of any particular achievement by reference to the place it chances to occupy in the onward march of time. The flight of the years and the ages does indeed correspond to an uninterrupted increase in the funded harvest of human knowledge,

and, therefore, in the arena of science, the later date must always imply the larger conquest. But this law loses its force as we enter the world of art. The problems of the human spirit, with the varied passions and emotions that fate and circumstance force into utterance are in themselves constant and unchanging; and the individual stature of the poet or the painter, by means of which they are revealed and interpreted, affords the sole measure of any and every artistic victory, no matter in what particular epoch of the world's history it chances to be won. . . . A second danger which confronts the critic of art springs from an overdue importance that is sometimes accorded to the accident of geographical position. It is inevitable that different schools of art should have been arranged according to the particular localities in which they sprang into being: it is no less inevitable that the close association imposed by this accident of locality should breed a certain community in the ideals pursued, and in the means sought for their expression. We need, however, to be constantly on our guard lest categories established, and in some sense justified, by local conditions should tempt us to ignore the final authority of individual genius which ultimately affords the only true criterion of the deeper tendencies of purpose and style. This disconcerting intrusion of individual personality will be found as a constantly disturbing force, upsetting the laboured classification of schools that is based upon merely local considerations."

Another hint as to the author's critical point of view is afforded in the following passage: ". . . It is necessary to beware here, as in all matters of art, of the ever present danger of categories. Art criticism is very apt to adopt a

method of scientific analysis which, it cannot be too often repeated, is in its essence inapplicable to work produced under the spur of imaginative invention. The scientific spirit that hungers for ordered classification, and seeks to account for everything which comes within the range of its survey by processes strictly logical, stands as a constant danger in the consideration of every form of art, whatever its chosen vehicle of expression. The representatives of separate and sometimes divergent currents of artistic activity will, at many points, be found to claim elements of deeper alliance with painters from whom, in regard to some particular line of development, they are sharply distinguished."

As for the author's specific estimates, it would be useless and unjust to quote his opinion with respect to any one or two artists and their works, so sensitively does he adapt the tools of his task to the demands of individual requirement. Here once more his practice is the embodiment of commendable theory: "The critics of literature have always been ready to recognize those distinctions of style and method that are appropriate to different kinds of work. We do not expect to find in the verse of Keats the keen and pointed reference to the facts of social life that fitly mark the didactic poetry of Pope. We acknowledge without reserve that each has the right to summon to his aid the kind of realism that best serves his ideal, and if this same acknowledgment is not so readily conceded in regard to painting, it is because its methods and limitations have never in this country been so well understood."

To generalize still further as to the nature of the author's pronouncements, he is subtle and imaginative in his appreciations, and at the same time never far-fetched. His judgments are justly balanced. His expression, though scholarly and somewhat abstract, is not technical. This will be a useful and reliable book for reference, study or lesser purposes of cultural reading. It is conveniently supplied with pictures illustrating the author's statements and the work of most of the painters mentioned. This is probably the most comprehensively ambitious work Mr. Carr has attempted. He is an English critic who has heretofore written principally of Victorian painters, many of whom he was fortunate enough or, on his own account, no doubt, brilliant enough to have known personally.

First Villager—Hello, Aaron; hear you've got married. What kind of a match did you make?

Second Villager—Well, neighbor, I didn't do as well as I expected—but to tell the truth, I don't think she did either.—*New York Times*.

Canny

Pat and Sandy reconnoitering round an old farmhouse found a war-weary chicken. Pat was overjoyed. He was sick of bully and biscuits. "That's a bit of luck," said Pat. "Sure, we'll have a dacint supper to-night." "No, no," said Sandy, with his native cautiousness. "Let's keep it till to-morrow. It may lay an egg."

This Year's Pageant

"Fighting for Freedom," by Thomas Wood Stevens, which will be presented as an Independence Day Pageant, July 4, 5, 6 and 7, at the Municipal Theatre, taking the place of the usual noisy and dangerous cannon-cracker manner of celebrating, is a tribute to the power of the community spirit with which St. Louis is endowed, and which is the elixir of urban life.

The entire city is co-operating in this stupendous undertaking, which is more than an entertainment of rare beauty; it is the embodiment of patriotism of the loyal American-born citizens, and of the peoples of the Allies now citizens of St. Louis.

The theme of the pageant finds an answer in the heart of the peoples of foreign birth; their temperaments respond to its dramatic power. It is the visualization of the struggle of Liberty against Autocracy through the ages, and of the present great world crisis in which America and her European allies are now struggling against Prussian militarism.

The participation of the peoples of the allies in this production clearly shows the oneness of spirit of America and her allies, the singleness of purpose—making the world safe for democracy, and freedom for all mankind—and that they have not only achieved the skill of fighting, and the art of working for one common end; but that they have acquired the grace of playing together which is making for a stronger, greater and more united people, who must by reason of this power of unity be victorious.

Groups of the various countries representing the allies—Servia, Belgium, England, France, Russia, Canada, India, Australia, Japan, Armenia, Italy, Poland, Portugal, Roumania and America—will be represented by peoples of these respective countries who are now residents of St. Louis. In addition to these, the resident St. Louis Greeks will appear in the First Episode of the First Part, presenting the first struggle between Autocracy and Liberty—"The Battle of Thermopylae."

The Pageant will be given in two parts, the First Part being especially written for the St. Louis Independence Day production—"The Pilgrimage of Liberty through the Ages," beginning with the first struggle between Liberty and Autocracy, at the Greek Camp at the Pass of Thermopylae between the Greeks and Persians. The second scene is the Signing of the Magna Charta; the third, the Reading of the Declaration of Independence by Washington in New York, near Washington's headquarters, July 9, 1776; the fourth, the Fall of the Bastille; the fifth, the Emancipation Proclamation. This ends the First Part.

In the Second Part, the Herald announces the theme of the Pageant and calls upon the audience to follow him to the high court where the allied nations plead their cause—the Court of Truth, Liberty and Justice. These three spirits enter and take their thrones.

To the Court comes Servia, stating the demands made upon him by Austria.

The Day We Celebrate

In your plans for the national holiday, remember that the Statler will serve a fixed-price dinner, noon to 9 p. m., at \$1.50 per plate.

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Compote of Sterling Silver, 9 inches high, Colonial design, \$18.00

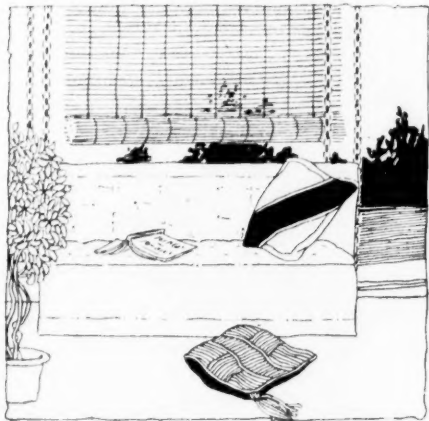
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The following sizes and prices shown in Cliptwood blinds:

4 ft. wide by 8 ft. long	\$2.65
6 ft. wide by 8 ft. long	\$4.25
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(Second Floor—Nugent's.)



Don't Miss Seeing

Helen Ware—Robert Edeson—Henrietta Crossman

—IN—

"Fighting for Freedom"

—the monster WAR PAGEANT to be staged
at the Municipal Theater, Forest Park

July 4, 5, 6 and 7

An all-star cast, with 1000 performers. A spectacle of unusual magnitude, conceived to help St. Louis finance its "bit" in recognized war activities.

Seats, 10c to \$1.50. All seats exchangeable in case of rain.

SEAT SALE NOW ON

AT KIESELHORST PIANO CO., 1007 OLIVE ST.

Entire proceeds to be given to the St. Louis division of our nationally-organized war activities.

Liberty and Justice bid him draw the sword. Truth warns him that the act will set the world aflame. But Servia may not choose. He draws the sword.

Belgium enters with her orphaned children, her stricken people. She pleads her cause, and to her defense come England and France, and after them Russia, the fires of revolution already smoldering among his people. England calls to his far colonies, and Japan brings his pledge of the defense of the Pacific.

And now, as from a great distance, comes the cry of Armenia. Italy, casting off the bonds of the Triple Alliance, joins the Allies, as do Portugal and Roumania. To the assembled nations, Poland, the thrice divided, makes her appeal.

Truth warns the nations of the strength of the enemy, and the nations in antiphonal lament their losses. Liberty and Justice call to America. And now a new tumult arises in the Russian group, the haughty leader is dethroned, and the New Russia gropes her way toward the fires of freedom and war. Her bewilderment falls upon the nations as a pall, and they moan beneath it. Suddenly a new trumpet is heard, and America enters, saluting her allies, and pledging her sword to their common cause.

Miss Helen Ware, the celebrated emotional actress, will appear in the role of *Belgium* supported by a group of native Belgians. Robert Edeson will interpret the role of *England* supported by a group of native English people from the local St. George Society. Miss Henrietta Crossman, the eminent actress, will interpret the role of *Truth*.

Miss Eula Guy of Pittsburg, a talented young woman who is soon to go to France to inspire the French soldiers, will interpret *France*, using as the character the heroic Joan of Arc.

Other members of the cast are: *Herald*, Clarence Stratton; *Liberty*, Mrs. Ford Thompson; *Justice*, W. T. Findly; *Servia*, V. P. Randall; *Imperial Russia*, Joseph Gilman Miller; *Canada*, Almus Briggs; *India*, Gustavus Tuckerman; *Australia*, Lilburn Boemer; *Japan*, T. Kajiwaru; *Armenia*, Viola Goeke; *Italy*, Morris Carnovsky; *Poland*, Bertha McGuire; *Portugal*, V. P. Randall; *Roumania*, George Ravold; *New Russia*, Minnette Buddecke; *America*, Veolante Lovington Bollinger; *Autocracy*, Irwin Pichel; *First Spirit of Liberty*, Marie Isola; *Second Spirit of Liberty*, Blanche Kaminer; *King John*, Gustavus Tuckerman; *Napoleon*, Edgar Schut; *Queen*, Mildred McHenry, and *Lincoln*, Edward C. Hafer.

He—I am a poor man, you know.

She—When we are married I can learn to cook, dear.

He—Hadh't you better practice while your father is supplying the raw materials?—*Houston Post*.

"You see, the trouble about Bill is that 'e's allus afore the times." "Wot's 'e done?" "Well, 'e went away to look for work, an' 'e found there's a strike on. So 'e joins the strikers afore 'e got the job."—*Punch*.

Coming Shows

Next Sunday evening the Park Opera Company will render its initial performance of "Pinafore," the third Gilbert & Sullivan composition which they have given us. This comic opera has been a favorite since it was first produced at the Opera Comique in London in 1878; the entire action takes place on board "H. M. S. Pinafore" off Portsmouth, England, and the characters are famous the world over. John E. Young, Arthur Aldridge, Ivy Scott, Ivy Jeanne and all the other principals and chorus will participate. A special bargain matinee will be given on July Fourth.

Has a Future

A Buffalo man stopped a newsboy in New York, saying: "See here, son, I want to find the Blank National Bank. I'll give you half a dollar if you direct me to it." With a grin, the boy replied: "All right, come along," and he led the man to a building a half-block away. The man paid the promised fee, remarking, however, "That was a half-dollar easily earned." "Sure!" responded the lad. "But you musn't forget that bank directors is paid high in Noo Yawk."

Little Dorothy's uncles are both at the war and she has a great admiration for soldiers. The other day in a crowded street car she was sitting on her mother's lap when a wounded soldier entered. Dorothy immediately slipped to the floor. "Here, Soldy," she offered, "you can sit on mamma's lap."

He—Your bills are awfully heavy again this month, my dear.

She—Well, the nerve of you objecting to my bills when you know it is papa who pays them.

He—That's just it. How can I have the cheek to ask him to meet any of mine when you're touching him up all the time?—*New York Globe*.

Ruling Passion

Having taken her subscription for a Liberty bond, the banker turned to the sweet young thing and asked, "Now, miss, how would you like to pay for it?" "Charge it, please," was the prompt reply.

Caller—So your son Willie has started work as an office boy. How is he getting on?

Fond Mother—Splendidly! He already knows who ought to be discharged, and is merely waiting to get promoted so that he can attend to it.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Veracity

The eager lady was having her first conversation with an aviator. "But what if your engine stops in the air—what happens?" she asked. "Can't you get down?" "That's just what 'appens, mum," said the aviator. "There's two Germans up over in France now with their engines stopped. They can't get down, so they're starving to death."

Marts and Money

The New York stock market presents a firm front, comprehensively speaking. Declines are not important, except in cases where trading is narrow or highly artificial. The recurrent falls of two or three points in the values of Steel common and some other particularly mobile issues are not abnormal. As a rule, they are followed by additional and more or less notable improvement. It is quite clear that the main drift is upward, that desirable stocks are steadily being absorbed, and that they are tenaciously held by investors who feel serenely confident as to the final outcome in France and Italy. While it is realized that Germany's offensive and defensive powers still are of a most formidable character, the opinion prevails, none the less, that she is gradually drawing to the end of her resources, militarily, politically and economically. So firm is this idea right now that vague intimations of a sudden close of the struggle find a host of willing believers in financial circles. They are lent a faint semblance of verisimilitude by rather sharp drops in some of the neutral exchange rates, Dutch and Spanish in especial. The optimistic theorizing in this respect is decidedly premature, of course. It leaves out of consideration that British, French and Italian drafts remain materially below normal, and that the national bonds of the belligerent governments show no advances yet of real consequence. In closely observant quarters it is freely predicted that peace negotiations will be initiated in the first eight months of 1919, and confidently recommended, at the same time, that meritorious stocks be purchased from now on without hesitation during every spell of more than ordinary depreciation. According to this reassuring philosophy, the process of discounting the war was finished in the autumn of 1917, and the process of discounting peace has been noticeable ever since February. It is pointed out, incidentally, that all the belligerent governments are vigorously preparing for financial, commercial, and industrial drives in the post-bellum period. Manifestly, there's plenty of room, in present circumstances, both for analytic and synthetic dialectics, and it would therefore not be surprising if Wall street speculation should enliven considerably in the next few months, in spite of Mr. McAdoo's forecast of a \$6,000,000,000 4½ per cent war loan in November and feverish activity of congressional committees with regard to the devising of new tricks in taxative programmes. For a day or so Wall street pretended to feel slightly chilled by the magnitude of the new borrowing plan, but it soon found large crumbs of comfort in the higher interest rate. The renewal of reactionary tendencies in the prices of outstanding liberty issues elicited no words of dismay. It was regarded as the natural result of anticipatory liquidation on the part of folks desirous of safeguarding their capacities for subscribing for the November loan. The 4¼ per cent lately dropped to 95.75, and the second 4s to 93.80, but they are again above 96 and 94, respectively, at this moment. The quotations did not relapse to the low notches of some time ago—a significant fact, undoubtedly. It reflects

the hopeful state of mind concerning the war and the increased absorptive power necessarily consequent thereupon. Steel common was rated at 105½ a week ago; at this moment it is selling at 108. The quite frequent flurries in this instance occasion much discussion in brokerage offices. They are thought to foreshadow important developments of some kind or other. Cynical fellows insist that they are devoid of momentous meaning,—that they are brought about simply with the intention of "running in the short." Perhaps so. Yet it has been said for some time that the depressionistic crowd had resolved not to enter into large commitments in Steel common pending trustworthy advices with relation to the government's steel programme and the changes that might be caused thereby in the corporation's dividend policy. The current price and the latest movements of the stock indicate that the quarterly \$4.25 is not in danger of reduction. Moreover, it may properly be held that the ruling quotation of 108 would not be extravagant even if the quarterly amount were to be cut to, say, \$3. We must not lose sight of the fact that the corporations' earning power has been very substantially enlarged since the commencement of the conflict, nor forget that it will be added to a great deal more in the next year or two, not merely on account of enormous war requirements, but also in preparation for the colossal demand for steel that is generally expected to ensue upon the signing of the peace treaty. Reasoning of a like kind applies to Bethlehem and a few other prominent steel companies, the shares of which have steadily grown in popularity in recent weeks and recorded noteworthy appreciation in quoted values. Republic Steel common, which was purchasable at 84 about two weeks back, is now selling at 92¾, though holders of it receive only 6 per cent per annum. In this case it is well known that 10 per cent could be disbursed without imposing a serious strain on the company's finances. The price of National Lead common did not decline on the report that the official price of lead had been lowered to 7.82 cents per pound, against a previous record of 8 cents. While producers feel somewhat disappointed, they remember that the pre-war average was 4 cents, or thereabouts. Of course, some allowance has to be made for enhanced cost of operation, which probably places the average at about 5¾ to 6 cents at present. The finances of the National Lead Co. are materially benefitted these days by the heavy contracts entrusted to the U. S. Cartridge Co., one of its subsidiaries. Touching official prices generally, it appears to me that the government cannot possibly harm the nation by being generous not only to workers but also to stockholders. One class is just as important as the other; both are entitled to respect and consideration, if they invest either their labor or their savings, or both, in the great industries of the country. The shares of tobacco companies are strikingly prominent in daily transactions, and have been for some weeks. Lately, the speculative inquiry for them has been especially fostered by hints at consolidation. American Sumatra and Tobacco Products common are the most sought after, un-

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Do You Need a Will?

If you were to die without one, the State would appoint someone to settle your estate and compel him to distribute your property according to certain fixed rules. Do you know what this distribution would be?

Are you quite satisfied with the portions of your estate that various relatives would get?

Would it interest you to read a short digest of non-technical language of the Missouri Inheritance Law? If so, write us for a copy, "Why a Will?"

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doubtedly because they enjoy a very bold sort of manipulation and have fulfilled many a bull tip in agreeable fashion. The prosperity of properties of this kind is anew evidenced by the announcement that the owners of the Liggett & Myers Co. have decided to double the authorized common stock, which has been about \$21,500,000 since incorporation in 1911. The present quotation for the shares is 170. This is not an excessive figure even under prevailing conditions in financial markets. Stockholders receive \$3 every three months, and \$4 extra every April. About two years ago the stock was quoted at 305—absolute maximum. There's a better feeling in regard to the prices and future of public service corporations, owing chiefly to the relief expeditions organized by the War Finance Corporation. There was a broad demand for Brooklyn Rapid Transit notes when it became bruited about that the Corporation had agreed to advance 30 per cent of the amount of the notes on July 1 conditional on an arrangement for extension of the balance into three-year 7 per cent paper. The stock of the B. R. T. Co. is rated at 39 3/4, as compared with a high point of 82 in January, 1917. The annual dividend has been \$6 since 1914. In 1899, during the height of the R. P. Flower boom, the quotation was run up to 137. During the following year it fell back to 29 1/2. The prices of railroad stocks denote no changes of real interest. They are dull though firm in practically all the leading instances. There's no indication as yet of an important broadening in the speculative quest for them, the attractiveness of values notwithstanding. The prices of railroad and industrial bonds are a trifle higher in numerous cases, but they do not reflect anticipatory purchases for the account of institutions and individuals who will be the recipients of dividend and interest cheques in July. The sum total of disbursements will be well in excess of \$300,000,000. Time was when Wall street witnessed extensive advances in stock values during June, in consequence of anticipatory buying for investors. Such things are mere memories nowadays. Will they ever become actualities again? Who knows?

Finance in St. Louis

There's very little to say about local financial proceedings. Conditions and prices are virtually unchanged, and there are no signs as yet of a decided turn for the better in the near future. Lately there have been no interesting transactions in any particular quarter. Even the fans on National Candy common thought it advisable to let up for a little while. This stock is kept steady at 40 to 41. One thousand dollars St. Louis Brewing Association 6s were transferred at 64.25, a price implying a decline of a point or so from the previous record. The inquiry for United Railways 4s is just about sufficient to maintain the quotation at or around 51.50, which has been in effect for the last two or three weeks. Ten International Shoe common, a 7 per cent stock, brought 100. The high point in 1917 was 105. Four Brown Shoe common were sold at 62.50, and ten St. Louis Cotton Compress at 37. In the banking department the only active issues were Boatmen's and Com-

merce, which sold at 100.50 and 111, respectively. The latter price was set after deduction of the quarterly dividend of \$1.50, and on a transfer of fifty shares. The turnover in Boatmen's was fourteen shares. The banking institutions in St. Louis maintain their discount rate on time loans at 6 per cent, and they cannot reasonably be expected to grant marked concessions so long as present conditions are maintained.

Latest Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
Nat. Bank of Commerce..	110 1/2
United Railways 4s.....	50 7/8	..51 1/4
Certain-teed com.	36 1/2
do 2d pfd.....	80
do 1st pfd.....	86 1/4
Ely & Walker 2d pfd....	80	82 1/2
Brown Shoe Co.....	63 3/4
Hydraulic P. Brick com..	1
do pfd.....	12 1/2
Hamilton-Brown.....	130	134
St. L. Brew. Ass'n 6s.....	65 3/4
National Candy com.....	38 3/4
do 1st pfd.....	100

Answers to Inquiries

STOCKHOLDER, St. Louis.—The rise in the price of Pittsburgh & West Virginia common in the past two weeks was mostly the result of clique operations. There are no financial acts that could be claimed to justify heavy buying for speculation. The company is not in position to pay dividends on the common, though about 2 per cent is probably earned. There's \$30,500,000 outstanding, besides the \$9,100,000 preferred, on which 6 per cent is paid. Company was reorganized last year. So it is quite safe to assume that numerous insiders are making good use of the present opportunity to liquidate some of their holdings of new shares.

T. A. G., Pana, Ill.—Missouri, K. & Texas preferred should be bought only by people who can afford to go through the difficulties of the impending reorganization. The current price of 8 will not look very cheap after the assessment has been added, which is expected to be not less than \$30. As matters stand right now, hopes for speedy reimbursement, either through new stock rights or speculative advantages, cannot safely be indulged in. The principal trouble is that there are too many good things to go round nowadays.

CAUGHT, Quincy, Ill.—There has been much enticing talk lately regarding Sinclair Oil, which has risen from 25 1/4 to 28 3/4 since April 11. A further advance is strongly hinted at—on what grounds is hard to say. Informed circles do not look for a resumption of dividends at an early date. The company is urgently in need of all the cash in its treasury. However, would advise holding the certificate, with a view to securing better terms some time hence. The market still has to take a lot of stock that was bought above 60 in 1917 and 1916.

READER, Athens, Tex.—The current quotation of Stutz Motor (42) suggests a probable reduction to 4 or 3 per cent before long. The net surplus for 1917 was \$1,074,778 before payments to stockholders, against \$381,000 for 1916. From now on we have to ponder the effects of compulsory curtailment of output and

higher costs of labor and material. To some extent they will, of course, be offset by advanced prices for cars. The stock was down to 35 1/4 last November. The maximum of 79 1/2 was set in 1916. Stock has no par value.

W. J. L., Baltimore, Md.—It would scarcely be judicious for you to sell your Ontario & Western first refunding 4s at the present price of 64 1/2, which is close to the lowest on record. They were worth 83 about a year back. In January, 1906, they sold at 104 1/2. While further depreciation is not altogether unlikely, it must be borne in mind that the company's finances are in satisfactory shape and that a passing of the dividend would be helpful rather than otherwise.

W. P. D., Madison, Wis.—Bethlehem Steel B., a 10 per cent stock, should be held. It is not fancifully valued at 84, the current price. The stock is well handled in the market, and should score a smart advance, of ten or fifteen points at least, under proper conditions generally. The Bethlehem is one of the most promising properties of its kind in the world.

CURIOUS, Rhinebeck, N. Y.—Erie second preferred is a long-range proposition, there being no prospects for an early resumption of payments and the speculative demand rather poor most of the time. The first preferred and common should suit your purposes better.

♦♦♦

Mud

The following is a tale now in circulation showing the quality of the mud in Flanders at the present day. A soldier walking along a road noticed a hat, which he attempted to kick out of the mud. What was his surprise to find a head under it, and to hear a voice calling for help. When the man was extricated he said: "I was on horse-lack." So together they proceeded to dig out the horse. The horse's mouth was found to be full of hay taken from a wagon which had sunk still farther down.

♦♦♦

"Do you know anything of the art of husbandry?" "I ought to; 've married off five daughters."—*Baltimore American*.

♦♦♦

"To be happy a man needs a wonderful digestion and a woman needs beautiful attire." "Yes," commented Miss Cayenne; "one wants the stomach of an ostrich and the other wants the feathers."—*Washington Star*.

♦♦♦

How Simple

"Patience and perseverance will accomplish all things," was the favorite saying of an old farmer. He had just made this remark in a train one day on the way to market, when a pompous individual in the next seat turned to him and said: "Nonsense, sir! I can tell you many things which neither patience nor perseverance can accomplish." "Perhaps you can," said the farmer, "but I have never yet come across one thing." "Well, then, I'll tell you one. Will patience and perseverance ever enable you

to carry water in a sieve?" "Certainly." "I would like to know how." "Simply by waiting for the water to freeze."

♦♦♦

"Our public library is a favorite with film people," said the man from Plunkville. "As to how?" "Last week it figured as the ducal palace, home of a steel millionaire, Uffizzi gallery, temple of Diana, and summer residence of the czar."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

♦♦♦

"I was surprised when I heard that Grabrox had joined the church." "I wasn't. I happened to be present when he and his business partner shook dice to see which member of the firm should join."—*Grit*.

♦♦♦

Cooking-School Teacher—Did your husband like the doughnuts you made him?

Mrs. Youngbride—Yes; he remarked that if I could only make them large enough he could save on his automobile tire bills.—*Boston Transcript*.

♦♦♦

The Rev. Jowett, at a dinner in New York, said apropos of his much-discussed salary: "The cost of living is so high over here that I have decided, after all, to accept the generous salary that I first declined. I hope that this acceptance won't call to my congregation's minds, however, the story of the sheep. A minister was once addressing a Sunday-school of little children; and the minister in his address desired to compare himself to a shepherd, and his congregation to the shepherd's flock. 'What are these beautiful animals?' he said, pointing to a drawing on the blackboard. 'Sheep! Sheep!' chorused the children. 'And the cloaked figure in the foreground—what is he?' 'A shepherd!' the children cried. 'Exactly,' agreed the minister, beaming with satisfaction. 'And now, dear children, can you tell me what it is that the shepherd does for the sheep?' A score of little mouths opened wide, and a score of treble voices cried shrilly: 'He shears 'em!'"

♦♦♦

Some time ago Mike Jefferson of Indianapolis bought a new automobile. He couldn't run it very well, but of course the whole family and the near relatives wished to see how it would work as soon as possible. So Mike loaded the machine to capacity and started out on a country road. Everybody was delighted and Mike was proud of the fact that he could run the machine so long without getting into trouble. But after a while all decided that it was getting late and about time to turn about for the homeward stretch. This was an unfortunate decision for Mr. Jefferson, for he found to his horror that he did not know how to turn the machine around on the country road. "Sorry. But I'll have to keep going until we come to a town," said Mike. "I know how to run around a flock." He kept on going for fourteen miles before he found a town he could turn around in.

♦♦♦

"The cavaliers used to drink a toast to some court beauty and then smash the glass so that it could never be used

again." "We get the same results with the sanitary paper cup."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

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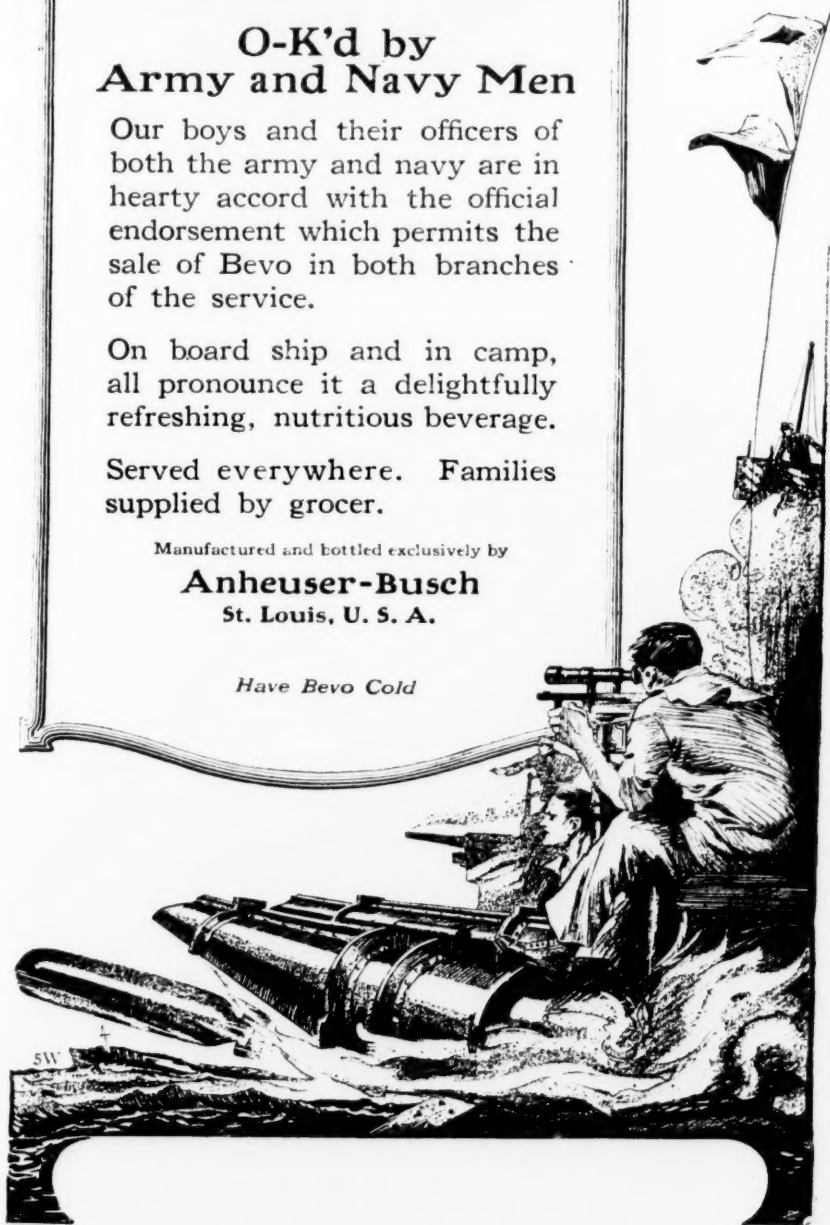
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